



1932 - 1933





# The CAMOSUN

I YEAR I  
1932-33



VICTORIA HIGH SCHOOL



## Autographs

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# The CAMOSUN

PUBLISHED by the STUDENTS of VICTORIA HIGH SCHOOL

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IRA DILWORTH, M.A.  
*Principal*



## Principal's Foreword

IT IS now my privilege and pleasure to convey to you who are graduating from the school my own and the staff's hearty good wishes. You have completed your period of study with us. We hope you have acquired some habits of body, mind and spirit which will help you in the life you are to enter.

The world about you presents a strange spectacle with, on the one hand, its overstocked warehouses and granaries, its hoarded wealth, its enormous natural resources and, on the other, want and privation, unemployment and stifled industry. There is uncertainty and insecurity where, when I was your age, there seemed to be certainty and security. There are closed doors to-day where then there were opportunities calling eagerly for trained youth.

But, no matter what the cynic may say, this is a wonderful age to be alive in—wonderful for the dangers and possibilities it brings, dangers and possibilities such as youth is always ready and eager to meet. No generation has a better right than yours to quote for itself Rupert Brooke's words:

"Now God be thanked who has matched us with this hour."

This hour will challenge you to match yourselves with real problems—political, social, economic and religious,—and the contest will call for clear-headed, courageous, unprejudiced thinking. You are as well prepared for the task as any group that has ever left this school. We hope you will have the requisite courage, balanced judgment, wise enthusiasm and patience to meet your "hour" and to make some worthwhile contribution to social progress.

—Ira Dilworth, Principal.





## Editorial

**D**ESPITE the possibilities which are ours, for an enjoyable summer, we are depressed. Our scanty portion of grey matter has been disturbed by ominous reports concerning our fate at the Waterloo of June 22nd. In fact, we learn that the enemy gloats openly over their superiority, and not without reason, for our scouts report that those old foes, the Chemistry warriors, are repairing to the battle ground in enormous numbers, and it is well known that a detachment of the First Health Long Range Bombing Corps will add tremendous strength to the Education Department's attack. However, should the first encounter prove too deadly a massacre, it will be possible to arrange an armistice until August, when the "Forlorn Hope" will dash forward with sternly set faces in a last attempt to capture Fort Certificate.

But enough of these awesome reflections. For the present matric. class, at least, in a few brief weeks, high school life will have drawn to a close, and a large majority of us will then find ourselves unceremoniously deposited upon Mr. World's back doorstep. Perhaps we will never again have occasion to solve for "X," or to bisect a triangle, but the lessons in determination and reasoning which we have absorbed from those mystic orgies will be of help to us all through life, and when, in the years to come, we review our school experiences, all the efforts of both teachers and pupils will seem entirely worth while, if we become good Canadian citizens.

It would be very inappropriate if this year's Camosun were to go to press without a word of appreciation to those who have so generously assisted with the publication. To the staff advisers, deep gratitude is due, nor should the school forget the assistant-editors, the business-manager, or any of those who have worked so faithfully. But, if this magazine is a success, it will primarily be due to the fine co-operation of the class reporters and the competition entrants, who have literally swamped us with excellent material. Our thanks to all, and may those who, this time, have not been successful, try again, with better fortune.

It is unnecessary here to mention those among us who, during the year, have become celebrities. Their names are devoutly recorded elsewhere.

And now, our task accomplished, may we be allowed, on behalf of the whole school, to extend best wishes to all who, this term, will leave our midst.

—The Editor.





## The Students' Council

Jack Fraser - - - - President  
Norma Blake - - - - Secretary

THE Students' Council has now completed its work for the year 1932-33, the year being generally successful. Our various committees—social, musical, athletic, dramatic, publicity and publication, public speaking, and finance—have worked hard this year, and have done surprisingly well.

Our social committee, with Newton Cameron, Lorna Benson and Phyllis Jesse, is to be congratulated on the fine way in which it has entertained the school on various occasions and has looked after the social interests of the student body in the school generally.

The music committee, composed of Barbara Daniels, Helen Schwengers and Fay Ockenden, has done good work toward the music in the assembly and noon-hour concerts.

The athletic committee, with Muzz Patrick, Daphne Williams, Bill Levy and Lillian Stokes, has helped in the sports of the school, such as basketball, Rugby, gymnasium display, and the annual swimming gala.

Our publicity and publication committee, consisting of Douglas Chan and Jack Church, has done creditable work in placing in the local papers, from time to time, the school notes in which not only the school students but the general public is interested. This committee is also doing good work in the matter of the publication of the school magazine, The Camosun.

The public speaking committee, under Alaric Corby and Frances Farquhar, has done much in Beta Delta and Portia.

The dramatic committee, made up of Howard Parfitt and Barbara Daniels, has taken active part in putting on the Christmas play, "Eagerheart," and the Matric play, "Macbeth."

Finally, the finance committee, with Tom Leeming, Dennis Fairbairn and Jack Ferguson, has had a hard year to face, but has helped us record a balance on the right side of the ledger.

Our first year representatives, Struan Robertson and Phyllis Addison, have freely participated in the discussions put before the council.

The council this year donated to the prefects of the school pins as a token of our appreciation for the work they have done toward the general welfare of the school.

And now, in conclusion, we wish to thank Mr. Webber, our staff adviser, for the encouragement he has given us in our problems, and also to wish the coming councils of the school good luck.



STUDENTS' COUNCIL, 1932-33



MATRIC PLAY, "MACBETH"





## Portia Report

THE "Portia" Girls' Debating Society has had another successful year of interesting and educational work. Outside speakers have included Dr. J. K. Unsworth and Mr. B. C. Nicholas, who spoke to the club on extremely worthwhile subjects, while activities of the girls themselves embraced the Annual Tea, an oratorical contest, and the usual debate with "Beta Delta," the boys' public speaking club.

With the assistance and valuable criticism of many interested staff members, a large number of girls have won their club pins, for which they deserve high praise.

Ruth Haynes and Audrey Farquhar have been presidents of the society, and with the assistance of a capable executive, have led the organization to the year's successful conclusion.

### PORTIA PRIZES

University Women's Club Prizes: Ann-Mari Bjornsfelt, Barbara Winslow.

Oratorical Contest Prizes: Frances Farquhar, Doreen Palmer, Vimie Kilsby, Peggy Mulliner.

Portia-Beta-Delta Cup: Mira Oliphant, Audrey Nixon.



## Beta Delta Report

AS THE end of the school year, 1932-33 draws near, the members of the Beta Delta look back upon a year successful in every way. The executive which ran affairs for the first half consisted of: President, R. Warren; vice-president, A. Corby; secretary, O. Marrion, and a committee of Howland, Jansen, Paver, Brown, Leighton and Robertson. It was the good fortune of the society to replace on its roll the name of a past member of the society, Mr. R. Wallace, who has done much for the society and has relieved Mr. Buck. The society is very grateful to both Mr. Buck and Mr. Wallace for the service rendered by them during the year.

The inter-class series of debates, which constitutes the major part of our programme, are not finished, Divisions 4, 19, 17 and 25 remaining. "Removal of the Doukhobours to Pier Island," "St. Lawrence Ship Canal Treaty," "American Elections and the War Debts" were some of the subjects debated in this series. The latter one was also the subject of the annual Portia-Beta Delta debate. Beta Delta, represented by S. Robertson and L. Jansen, once more lost to Portia.

As usual there were a number of guest speakers who addressed the club at its meetings. They were Mr. Kennedy of the school staff, Dr. Clem Davies, Dr. E. A. Henry, Rev. R. Connell and Mr. Kyle, whose talk on "Occupations" attracted many of the boys. Mr. B. C. Nicholas delivered an address to a combined meeting of Portia and Beta Delta which was, as usual, attended by a large number of students.

The enrolment of the club for the year is over forty, and the average attendance of members at the regular meetings has been approximately twenty-five. Many of the meetings have been very well attended by the students, the largest being held on April 6th, at which time it was necessary to use the auditorium to accommodate the audience—approximately 500. Needless to say, it was not the eloquent oratory nor even a hot debate by the Beta Delta members that attracted such a throng—C.N.R. travel pictures did it.

The present executive consists of Alaric Corby, president; Bob Warren, vice-president; Luther Jansen, secretary, and a committee including T. Leeming, A. Paver, C. Howland, O. Marrion, F. Leighton and S. Robertson. There are about fifteen members who will have fulfilled the requirements for their Beta Delta pins by the end of the year.

We feel that, under the new executive, the Beta Delta may look forward to an even more successful year than that just passed.



## Dramatics

**T**HIS year, the matric students resumed the custom of producing Shakespearean drama, by producing the tragedy, "Macbeth," under Mr. Dilworth's able directorship. The acting of the entire caste was highly praiseworthy.

The role of Macbeth was magnificently portrayed by Fred Hobson, who, we think, must still be muttering Shakespearean lines in his sleep. The part of Macduff was taken by Bill Reid, Duncan by Ben Gibson, Banquo by Harry Hitchman, and Lady Macbeth was portrayed by Betty Pyke. The following completed the cast: Dorothy Ralfs, Opal Abercrombie, Helen Pollock, Jack Fawcett, John Lauder, Jack Phillips, Victor Zala, Bill Veitch, Lorne Ritchie, Walt Matthews, Dennis Fairbairn, Grant Macdonald, Alfred McConnell, Edward Slater, Bill MacGillivray, Jack Anderton, Neil Swainson, Warren Godson, Thomas Wayne, Agnes Janes, Elvin Gower, Eleanor Smith, Edmund Gott, Alaric Corby and Gordon Dunaway.

The Christmas play, typical of the real Yuletide spirit, was directed by Miss Cameron, and was a tribute to good workmanship and successful dramatics. The principals of the caste were: Mary Smith, Gwen Hitchen-Smith, Jean Burnett and Fred Leighton.

The members of the staff and students, who assisted on the various committees for both productions, deserve deep thanks, and in closing, may we express our appreciation to the choir and orchestra for their valuable contribution to the success of both plays.



## The V.H.S. Boys' Chess Club

**T**HE organization meeting of the V.H.S. Boys' Chess Club was held early last spring when the election of officers was held. Fraser MacNaughton was elected president; Lionel Cox, vice-president, and Wilfred Harle, secretary-treasurer. The original purpose of this club was to provide amusement for students at lunch hour during winter months. The club meets after school once each week and, due to a wide interest, success is assured.

## Musical Activities

ANOTHER year of progress, under Mr. F. Tupman, has been the lot of the High School Choir, and the organization deserves unstinted praise for its fine singing. Selections by this body were a great asset to the "Christmas Play" and on the occasion when it sang in the Auditorium, the students cheered lustily.

Another popular organization in the assembly is the High School Orchestra. Under Mr. Smyth Humphrey's able direction, the ensemble has appeared several times before the student body, and the applause has fully expressed the students' gratitude.

The orchestra, and a quartet drawn from its ranks, were very successful in the Musical Festival, and now this body is planning a concert, at which part of its fine repertoire will be presented to the public.



### CONSECRATION

#### Prize Poem

Down in the greening woodland  
I found the Cathedral of God,  
Wrought and blest by His Hand,  
Hallowed, the springing sod.

There, life's mystic harmonies  
Are played by pines that toss,  
Lighted by a golden crescent,  
Carpeted by velvet moss.

And while the loud wind howls,  
Or when the breezes sigh,  
My soul, in this sylvan sanctuary,  
Leaps—a prayer to the sky!

Down in the fragrant woodland,  
Nestling in the arms of peace,  
I feel the brush of His Garment  
As He stoops to give me peace!

—Eiko Henmi, Division XV.



## Boys' Athletics

**A**NOTHER year of sports at High is nearly over. This year has again been marked by clean play, for which members of High School teams are noted. Although not always winning, it can be said that participants from V.H.S. never ceased to do their best.

### RUGBY

Owing to the inclemency of Mother Nature, rugby, this so-called "he-man" sport, was slow in starting, but once under way, good results were obtained.



SENIOR RUGBY TEAM

The senior rugby team lived up to its reputation and brought laurels and silverware to the school. Though only playing one game against those "stalwart college men," they showed that they still knew the game (of course you all know the result—V.H.S., 9; V.C., 0). Patrick, Peden and Levy, as usual, were the "big noises." The proceeds from this game, which was played in the Royal Athletic Park, went to charity, under the auspices of the Kiwanis Sports Week Fund. It may be added that much of the credit for this victory must go to Mr. C. S. Campbell, the coach of the team.

In the inter-high rugby games, the ex-Cowichan Cup team managed to defeat the first year team, 9 to 3, and the novice team, 12 to 6, thus establish-

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ing themselves champion ruggers of High School. This team was ably coached by Mr. E. Cook.

Victoria High was faced with only one rugby defeat this season. This occurred when the Oak Bay Highs—Howard Russell Cup team—handed our Howard Russell team two beatings in three games, thus regaining possession



GYMNASIUM TEAM

of the Howard Russell Cup. The scores were as follows: (1) V.H.S. 3, O.B.H. 0; (2) V.H.S. 3, O.B.H. 12; (3) V.H.S. 3, O.B.H. 13.

This team was also coached by Mr. Campbell.

There were no Curtis or Cowichan Cup games for Victoria High this year. V.H.S. has fielded such strong teams in previous years that the Rugby Commission decided to give the other schools a chance by not having to compete with High School teams.





### BASKETBALL

There were many games witnessed in the High School gym this year. Although there was no representative team, three smaller teams were established—Blacks, Yellows and Cardinals. These teams played for V.H.S. supremacy. The Blacks, captained by “Hank” Hudson and taught the fine parts of the game by Coach L. Clarke, defeated the Yellows in the final game, making themselves school champions.

An interesting (?) game was played between the teachers and a team picked from the Students’ Council, the teachers winning.

### SOCCER

Under the able guidance of Mr. Cumberbirch, the soccer team enjoyed a very successful year. Mr. Cumberbirch was able to field a team that found little difficulty in turning back their opponents.

Three games were played—two against Mt. View and one against Esquimalt—High School winning all games. (1) V.H.S. 2, Mt. View 0; (2) V.H.S. 3, Mt. View 0; (3) V.H.S. 4, Esquimalt 0. Congratulations, Mr. Cumberbirch.

### GYM DISPLAY

The annual gym display was a great success this year. As usual, there was a large attendance, showing the popularity of this event. The boys showed skill and form, the result of their intensive training under Mr. Roper. The girls, supervised by Miss Miller, were also very good. They carried out their exercises in excellent style.

Two new features were introduced into the gym display this year, namely boxing and wrestling. Mr. Roper taught many of the boys the fine art of boxing. These boys showed their excellent progress in the tournament which took place during the gym display. The following boys were winners in their respective weights: 125 pounds, B. Folds; 135 pounds, T. Embry; 145 pounds, B. Winsby; 156 pounds, R. Shepherd.

In the wrestling, “Spider” Mascall defeated Cecil Lam the first night, and drew with Roy Bishop the second night. B. Crump drew with B. Kerchin the first night, but pinned him to the mat to win in the second bout.

### TENNIS

The boys and girls may be seen batting the poor little tennis balls around the courts every noon hour and after school. Although the tennis weather has hardly arrived, the enthusiasts are already in action.

### TRACK

Well, it won’t be long until the track meet. This event is growing in popularity every year. The boy and girl athletes always give their whole-hearted support to this sport. Get to work, you athletes, and make this meet a great success.

## Girls' Sports

### TENNIS

In 1932, Muriel Thompson, in her usual good style, won the singles by nosing out Joyce Applegate in a 6-2, 6-4 victory.

In September of the same year the doubles tournament championship was taken by Betty Hughes and Kathleen Grogan, who successfully defeated Molly and Kewpie Unsworth by a score of 8-10, 7-5, 6-4.

The 1933 singles have not yet been completed.

### BADMINTON

This comparatively new game to the school was undertaken with great enthusiasm. Joyce Finch and Carol Bayer won the American tournament with 127 points.



GIRLS' SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

### BASKETBALL

Mary Wilson, skipper of the team, brought her squad through to a grand finish in securing the inter-high school championship by winning five out of six games.

The team consists of Eleanor and Jane Trotter, Juanita Pelland and Mary Wells as guards; Evelyn Gaunt, centre, and Mary Wilson, Lois McMurchie, Jean Wilson and Doreen Beere, forwards.



Division VI defeated Division IX, 23-11, in the interesting inter-division basketball league game. The victorious team included E. Trotter (captain), M. Wilson, P. Brindle, J. Pelland, E. Walsh and J. Wilson.

## SOFTBALL

In 1932 Division VII won the school championship, 8-7, against Division X. Division VI is undoubtedly the strong favorite for the 1933 series, not yet completed.



GIRLS' SENIOR HOCKEY TEAM

## HOCKEY

Congratulations are due to Miss Miller, Doreen Beere and our hockey team. They won the "Mae Tully" Shield—the third year in succession—for V.H.S. The team members are Doreen Beere, J. Wilson, E. Smith, J. Brockington, M. Unsworth, P. Rhodes, B. Williams, E. Mile, G. Stewart, B. Dilworth, B. Hutchinson, D. Johnson and M. Thomas.

## TRACK

In this year's meet, yet to be run, Peggy Brindle, 1932's senior champion, is a possible winner.

## SWIMMING

Lillian Stokes repeated her success of last year and again holds the challenge trophy. She scored eighteen points. Ivor Fuller, boys' champion, was a close second with sixteen points. Doug Peden was next with thirteen. Kewpie Unsworth, runner-up for the girls, won ten points.



## A Matter of Opinion

### Prize Story

MULVANEY, the picture of boredom, leaned wearily against the brown teak rail of the heaving ship. The little man at his side, whose name turned out to be Beaton, had been talking ceaselessly since lunch. He had started with the weather and was now deep in foreign relations. Suddenly, having apparently wound the subject up to his own satisfaction, he went off at a tangent.

"How I hate these bloated capitalists!" he exclaimed. Mulvaney grunted assent. "They're so repulsively cocksure," the little man went on heatedly. "Think they own the universe!" He bent over confidently to Mulvaney, "You wouldn't think to look at me that I have something here," and he patted the right hand breast of his tweed jacket, "something more valuable than any one thing any of these prigs own?"

"No!" said Mulvaney, beginning to show interest. "Have you?" The little man nodded.

"Yep! Much more valuable," and he patted his chest once more.

Mulvaney was genuinely interested now. He and his pal, "Fritz" Roark, were returning from Europe. Their tour had been, to say the least, unfruitful. The suckers had stayed at home, and the easy pickings were in safety deposit boxes.

Mulvaney began to think that perhaps this little man, Beaton, was worth cultivating. He and Fritz might even recoup the money spent on the European vacation, for virtually it had been just that.

"How about a drink before dinner?" he asked pleasantly, putting his thoughts into action. "Nothing like it for the appetite!"

"Don't mind if I do," the little man replied jovially. "Always did like a snifter before meals."

It was in the ship's bar after dinner, Mulvaney and Roark were lingering over their brandy and cigars.

"It looks to me like a cinch," Mulvaney said, appreciatively surveying the amber contents of his glass.

"Yeah," grunted Roark, also contemplating his glass. "A feather-bed cinch." He rubbed the back of his closely cropped head, the feature which had earned for him the nickname of "Fritz." "But who would ever think that little guy was worth anything?" Mulvaney shrugged his shoulders.

"Just goes to prove you can't go by appearances. Whatever he totes around is plenty valuable; should have seen his eyes when he told me about it!" Mulvaney sipped his drink slowly.



"Thought he acted kind of funny this morning," Roark said. "I came up behind him at the rail. He was looking at something in a black case, but the minute he saw me he shoved it in his pocket, like it was the crown jewels or something."

"Yeah," said Mulvaney thoughtfully, "it must be good." He leaned towards Roark secretively, "And here's how we get it. Today is Tuesday, and we land on Friday morning. On Thursday night we get him in front of his cabin, fix him for the night see?" Roark nodded grimly.

"Yeah."

"Then we tell the steward that Beaton doesn't want to be disturbed until after the boat has landed, and by then we have the case and have gone. How's that?" Mulvaney leaned back with a self-satisfied grin.

"Sounds just as smooth as cream," Roark admitted and turned his attention to his glass once more.

During the next two days the other passengers of the ship wondered at the friendship of the three men—one so puny, the others big and good looking. But, as Roark put it, Beaton was valuable; he needed guarding, like a sheep for the shearing.

Thursday night came, a night for lovers and sea captains. The moon sent a narrowing beam of silver towards the ship; over water disturbed only by a slight swell. But Mulvaney and Roark, strolling slowly round the deck, had other thoughts than those of romance.

"What's the zero hour?" Roark jerked, allowing a blue streamer of cigar smoke to flow from his mouth.

"Eleven," replied Mulvaney. "The little guy goes for a walk before he goes to bed. We'll go with him." Mulvaney smiled in anticipation of that walk, and Roark patted something hard on his hip.

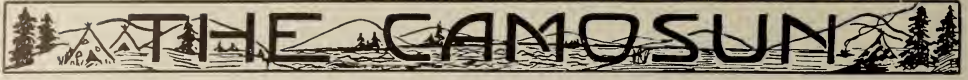
It was half past eleven. The two men had accompanied Beaton on his walk around the deck, and had stopped in front of his cabin. Beaton was yawning widely.

"Just about my bed time I guess," he said, stretching lazily. Mulvaney looked up and down the deck, and saw it was deserted.

"Yeah, I guess so," he said, winking ironically through the darkness to Roark. "Let him have it, Fritz!"

"Eh?" said Beaton sleepily. It was the last thing he uttered, the butt of Roark's revolver crashed down on his head. He started to fall; Mulvaney reached for him but missed. As he fell, his head cracked against the brass-bound corner of his cabin step.





"Ugh!" Roark grunted; "what a crack!" A pool began to ooze from around Beaton's head; it glistened coldly on the white deck.

Both men had frozen at the sound of the crack. Mulvaney was the first to move. "Come on!" he almost snarled. "Move him into the cabin."

Between them they lugged the little man into his bunk. Mulvaney got a towel, made sure the deck was still deserted, and mopped up the pool of blood. He came back into the cabin and found Roark with a strained white face bending over the prostrate Beaton.

"Get the case," Mulvaney snapped.

Roark turned. "His heart, it isn't beating," he jerked haltingly. "They'll get us for this. I know they will." His voice began to rise; his eyes sparkled queerly.

"Can it," Mulvaney said brusquely. "Find the case; step on it!" Roark fumbled feverishly in the dead man's clothes, pulled something forth—a little black case. Suddenly there was a knock at the door. It opened and a steward entered.

"Your tea, sir," he said, eyes intent on the tray he carried. He looked up, saw the crumpled little figure, saw blood on the pillow and the two men, tense with surprise. His eyes widened with horror; he dropped the tray and stumbled out, a cry rising in his throat. Mulvaney turned to Roark dazedly.

"Fritz," he said, "we're sunk!" But Roark had not looked up. He still looked at the little black case, the cover of which he had snapped back. Mulvaney strode to his side and looked down.

"My God!" he murmured, "the Victoria Cross."

—Hugo D. Butler.

---

### THE "AVANTI" BOOK REVIEW

"**Macbeth**," Shakespeare—A fair murder mystery but quite out of date.

"**World Progress**," West—A good book for prefects, teachers and other mental cases.

"**Laboratory Experiments in Chemistry**," Black and Conant—The fact that this book explains how to make hydrogen sulphide makes it a best-smeller.

"**Practical Chemistry**," Black and Conant—So dry it dehydrates the perspiration from your brow.

"**A School Algebra**," Hall—A fair collection of short stories dealing with the lives of Mr. A., B. and C.





## Capilano Canyon

### Prize Description

CAPILANO Canyon! There is a music in the name that falls strangely on the ears. It has something of the rush of far-away water and the rhythm of the wind, and it is cool as rain on the soft deep moss. Perhaps it is the echo of some unearthly melody that stole through the forest as the sun sank, and the gray smoke drifted slowly across the sky. Only the Indians who named it will ever know; but it had always fascinated me, and at last I was about to see it.

It was late afternoon when we reached the great suspension bridge which is one of the chief attractions of the canyon. All around us were trees, tall and massive and old, with centuries of wisdom and experience behind them. The sun fell warmly on the dark trunks and on the rich stained brown of the bridge which stretched out into space before us. It might have been the bridge of time spanning eternity, or the creation of the mighty gods of the mountains. But somehow it was a living glorious part of this riot of trees and sky and water.

We crossed to the centre of the bridge and stopped to gaze our fill. Before us rose the mountains, covered with rank upon rank of trees, rising thousands of feet to bare peaks where the sun blazed on patches of snow. Far below us was Capilano, boiling and raging in a smother of green water and white foam, leaping high between the rocks in a furious desire for speed—more speed. Behind us the torrent rushed smoothly around the curve, brown and clear and splendid in its deep channel.

Yet even this mighty force was not all-powerful. Far above it, tiny man had constructed a bridge which defied all its efforts at destruction. Where the sunlight fell on the cliff were strange figures and inscriptions, carved there by hands long crumbled into dust. And even above the roar and tumult of the flood we could hear the mad exultant singing of the birds. Powerful, yes, but helpless. A giant chained by cobwebs.

—Peggy Higgs.

---

Mr. Dee: "How many wars was Spain engaged in in the 17th century, Howard?"

H. P.: "Seven, sir."

Mr. Dee: "Enumerate them."

"Pi": "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven."



Frances Faragher



Annie Andrews



David Gong



Edwin Conner



Eleanor Smith



Nancy Martin



Elvin Gower



Betty Pyke



Allison Smith



Beatrice Stromkins



Harold Turner



Shirley Walker



Art Barber



Evelyn Anderson



Muriel Chave



Fred Hobson



Agnes James



Douglas Chan



Grace Revercomb



Madelene D'Arcy



Mira Oliphant



Jørga Eek



Margaret Hartley



Betty Paterson



Mildred Wright



Hing Hope



Ben Gibson



Dorothy Ralts



Peggy Egerton



Denise Thompson



Isla Tuck



Charles Linion



Ben Gibson



Dorothy Ralts



Irene Brockington



Hilda Browne

## DIVISION I





## Division One

Hang sorrow! Care will kill a cat  
And therefore let's be merry."

### EVELYN ANDERSON

Evelyn is skilled in camouflaging correct answers beyond recognition.

### ANNIE ANDREWS

Annie is always seen (and heard) close to Evelyn Anderson.

### ARTHUR BARBER

"You look too comfortable, Barber; try this seat."

### HILDA BROWNE

We are only partially acquainted with Hilda, but at least we know her lovely smile.

### IRENE BROCKINGTON

"Silence is golden"—How long have you been off the gold standard, Irene?

### MURIEL CHAVE

Muriel is an outstanding member of Portia and a promising debater.

### DOUGLAS CHAN

Strange to relate, this dignified prefect is also our class jester.

### EDWIN COMBER

He's a quiet little fellow in class but certainly knows how to make himself heard on the piano.

### PEGGY EGERTON

Can it be that you enjoy doing home-work, Peggy? We notice yours is always done. Peggy's two loves are Maths and Barbara H.

### BEN GIBSON

Ben is in his "element" in the Chemistry Class. His "degree of concentration" is remarkable.

### ELVIN GOWER

"I'm very well acquainted with matters mathematical;  
I understand equations, both the simple and quadratical."

### DAVID GUNG

Dave, our class artist, knows that "a soft answer turneth away wrath," but he finds a merry grin more effective.

### MARGARET HARTLEY

Margaret shows up in Maths. (we'll not say how).

### FRED HOBSON

Fred made a name for himself as Macbeth in the Matric. play. He professes to hate girls, so he is never seen with more than six at a time.

### HING HOPE

A very brilliant student and Division I's only Hope.



### BARBARA HUTCHINSON

Barbara, a member of the hockey team, spends all her spare time (and she's an adept at finding spare time) in gazing out of windows.

### AGNES JANES

As Lady Macduff in the Matric. Play, Agnes won the hearts of all; but those who are more familiar with her characteristics feel that she should have taken part in a "Sleep-Walking Scene."

### CHARLES LINTON

His dreamy manner and drowsy voice bring to our minds the "Land of the Lotos-Eaters"; "Vas you dere, Sharlie?"

### NANCY MARTIN

Everyone is fond of Nancy, teachers and pupils alike, for she is a wonderful student and one of the jolliest members of our class.

### BETTY PETERSON

"Pat" is a dashing young lady. If you want to see her in her best form just try and see her when the lunch-bell rings.

### BETTY PYKE

It was strange to see our popular and merry Betty turn into such a wonderful Lady Macbeth.

### DOROTHY RALFS

As one of the Weird Sisters in the Matric. Play, Dot was positively bewitching.

### MADELINE DARCY

A very quiet member of our class who stars in Chemistry.

### JORGA EEK

Jorga is so reserved that few of us know her, but she is so ambitious that we are bound to hear of her later.

### FRANCES A. FARQUHAR

"Teddy," an outstanding pupil, takes a keen interest in sports, is president of Portia, winner in the Orotorical Contest, and a violinist of ability.

### GRACE REVERCOMB

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low . . . an excellent thing . . ." if you are not sure of the answer.

### ALISON SMITH

"Al" has done everything this year but lead beer parades.

### ELAINE ROWE

Elaine is another partial, one of the quietest members of our class.

### ELEANOR SMITH

We have reason to believe that Eleanor aspires to be a "tabloid" editor.

### BEATRICE STROMPKINS

Beatrice, a member of the basketball team, is fond of English and Latin, and is a good all-round student.

### DENISE THOMPSON

How did such a serious girl stray into frivolous Division I.

### ISLA TUCK

Some people sit and think, but "Buddy" sits and lets the teachers think.

### MILDRED WRIGHT

Mildred is secretary of Portia, one of our best speakers, and a member of the school orchestra.

### SHIRLEY WALKER

It is wonderful what conquests can be made with big blue eyes and a bag of candy!

### MIRA OLIPHANT

We wish her luck in June. (It is alleged that she bribed the class reporter.)

### HAROLD TURNER

Although Harold lost a large part of the year through a serious illness, he is back and working hard to make up for lost time. We are all glad to have you with us, Harold, and wish you the best of luck and health for the future.



## Division Two

### BOB CUMBERBIRCH

One of the smaller members of the division. Rather a clever little fellow though, and it is unanimously agreed that he certainly "knows all the answers."

### HAROLD LOCKWOOD

Harold excels in French especially, but also in Maths., History, English, Grammar, Composition, Health—in fact—well—he's rather good. Attaboy "Ingy"—You're almost good enough to be a high school teacher.

### JACK ANDERTON

In the Matric. Play, Jack was a "bold and bloody murderer" and, along with Bill McGillivray, was a part of one of the finest scenes in the play. Go to it, Jack, Hollywood is calling.

### LESLIE JACKSON

A quiet sort of lad who never has much to say, but by some strange quirk of fate he may be seen proudly holding down one of the first-place seats in Miss C.'s room.

### JACK PHILLIPS

Another stalwart son of Scotland, who won his way to fame and glory in the Matric. Play—and—well, he was a stalwart son of Scotland in the play.

### CYRIL DOHENY

Another of our star Rugby players. When our Cyril is out there burning up the dirt, we all cheer—aye, and lustily, too—good luck, Cyril.

### RONALD HOPKINS

Ronald is the star pupil of our division—he is a learned (?) Latin scholar and he supplies much needy (?) information to the class in English.

### BENNY DUCKWORTH

Benny is just an all-round good scholar. He does his homework diligently (?) and his platinum blond hair causes many an admiring glance from the fair sex.

### WALT MATTHEWS

Another born actor. In the Matric. Play Walt did fine. He seems to get along well in school, especially with Miss S., and so does extra well in French.

### HUGH HUGHES

Despite his size, Hugh did fine on the Junior Rugby Team. In school he is a good student and over at the shops he is a real machinist.

### HARRY HITCHMAN

Still another great actor. In the Matric. Play, and also in the Christmas Play, he did some fine work. Between the scenes he could usually be found sleeping away the hours on a bench or "prop" of some sort.

### TOM LEEMING

Tom is vice-president of the Students' Council, a prefect, and he holds a position of high esteem among the students.

### JACK FRASER

Our renowned President of the Students' Council. Jack also has won fame as a Rugby and Basketball star. Apart from his school activities, he is quite some athlete, what with tennis, running and—"well—I forget the rest."

### BILL SHORROCK

Although a quiet sort of a fellow usually, in class, when it comes to asking amazing questions, Bill certainly shines. A "Red" Communist but a "good boy" in class.

### ELMER CAMPBELL

Elmer excels in Chemistry. In this profound and mysterious subject, he seems to be perfectly at ease, while the rest of the class struggle on and on—but usually in vain.

### HOWARD PARFITT

For some strange and unknown reason this hardy prefect is invariably addressed as "Pi." Heretofore unknown, it has recently come to light that the said "Pi" is a pianist of note. If this goes on—well, one never knows. . . .





Howard Parfitt



Walter Matthews



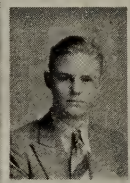
Donald Horne



Grant MacDonald



Bill Reid



Bill Halkett



Douglas Bourne



Thomas Leeming



Toshio Uyede



Robert Cumberbirch



Hiram Casilio



Bill Shorrock



Robert McConnell



Harold Lockwood



Jack Fraser



Joseph Gott



Leslie Jackson



Hugh Hughes

## DIVISION 2



Victor Thomas



Newton Cameron



Cyril Doherty



Jack Headdy



Barrei Pringle



Elmer Campbell



Nelson Bonfield



Bennie Duckworth



Jack Phillips



Bill McGillivray



Jack Anderton



Alfred McConnell



Harry Hitchman





### **BOB McCONNELL**

Bob has a positively weird sense of humor. In French at almost any time during the period he may be seen joyously chortling to himself—what it is all about no one else can figure out.

### **DOUG BOURNE**

The majority of the students have decided that the only thing that keeps the lunchroom going is Doug. Day in and year out, he diligently attends this place of merriment and joy, and eats, and eats, and eats. . . .

### **JOSEPH GOTT**

Joe seems to have some deep hidden secret which he keeps to himself; he is constantly smirking quietly, and even when at his much envied position as cashier in the lunchroom, he still smirks gently to himself.

### **NEWTON CAMERON**

Apart from being a prefect, Newton has a motorcycle; and what boy who is the proud owner of one of these infernal machines does not seem to have a constant source of questions at his beck and call? In room 40, "Newt" keeps Miss S. busy answering many of these—foolish and otherwise—but mostly foolish questions.

### **VICTOR THOMAS**

Vic shows great promise as a boxer. He would have had a fine chance of winning the tournament in the gym display, but as fate would have it, he was matched against the best of the boxers in the eliminations and so was eliminated before he really had a chance—better luck next time, Vic.

### **BILL REID**

In the Matric. Play, Bill displayed great ability as an actor, by his portrayal of the role of "MacDuff." In school he is jokingly chided about being—shall we say—a "stylish stout"?—But he takes it all in good spirit.

### **BILL HALKETT**

For many moons now, Bill has been religiously training for the track meet and we expect some great things from him this year. We hope you win, Bill!

### **HIRAM CASILIO**

All day long, Hiram sits in school with rather a baffled look on his face and tries to figure out what it's all about—but when the exams come, he seems to miraculously get through each time.

### **JACK HEADY**

Even tho Jack has only been with us for a short time, he is getting along fine with his studies and still finds plenty of time to sleep away in class.

### **DON HORNE**

Another one of our quiet lads—but in the Matric. Play, Don's services were indispensable. He was a combined property man, sound technician and electrician.

### **TOSHIO UYEDE**

Certainly the brainiest member of the Division. "Tosh" is a fine fellow and with his brains he should get somewhere in this cruel, hard world.

### **DARRELL PRINGLE**

Darrel is one of the lucky partials in our division and, while the rest of us are slaving away in French "or sumpin'," he wastes time dreaming in the library.

### **GRANT MACDONALD**

Grant is a born actor. He played the part of the Drunken Porter in "Macbeth" so well that you could almost imagine that Grant had actually soused himself in order to give a realistic presentation. Grant is the beau-ideal of the pleasant, happy-go-lucky, well-mannered fellow who always gets on well with everybody.

### **NELSON BANFIELD**

Rather a quiet and unassuming fellow in class, but when the exams come 'round, Nelson shines, and usually comes out somewhere around the head of the list.





HELEN BOLLOCK



ESTHER FORD



LOIS PENDRAY



DAPHNE WILLIAMS



DON WHELDON



M. PATTERSON



HUGO BUTLER



HENRY ZANE



D. WILLIAMS



MARY GIBSON



C. ROBERTSON



HAROLD ATTWELL



A. DICKFORD



WILLIAM VETCH



E. MEADOR



K. ELLIS



J. ENGELHARDT



HARVEY OZARD

DIVISION 3



R. JOHNSON



D. MATHIESON



R. VICKERS



ED SEATTER



B. DAMES



WALLACE LEE



PERCY HIGGS



F. GRAHAM



GORDON HATT



IRA BROWN



T. CHAPMAN



G. ARMISTEAD



N. CREELMAN





## Division Three

### EDWARD SLATER

Known as "Turk" for short. Always having a kind word and a smile for everybody, he is our popular class president. He had to appear in "Macbeth" with bare knees and was his "fez" red?

### DONALD WHELDON

Being of a slightly shy nature he is inclined to hide his light under a bushel, however we all know that the light is there, and no dull one either. In short, "just call him pal."

### HARVEY OZARD

Here we have an artist of no mean calibre. He'll laugh at your joke, good or bad, showing that he has a fine toleration, a sense of humor and a touch of kindness. He and Don Wheldon are more or less inseparable. Just call them pals.

### GORDON HATT

His hobby is airplanes, as one could easily find out from a squint at his "History Book." We venture to bet that there are more pages of airplane drawings than History notes. The shadow of the June exams fail to dismay him; perhaps he is a Stoic.

### TED CHAPMAN

He very seldom stops talking, and because of this may carve a niche for himself as a business executive. He is president-elect of the Hi-Y, an organization for which he has truly labored. His favorite saying is "I have a book at home that says . . ."

### BILL VEITCH

Well up on current news as he is, we believe Bill to be an embryo minister of something or other. However, until he hands out cheap cigars and holds our babies in his canvas for votes we'll just call him "Bill" and laugh when he argues with Mr. (Sir to you) Roper.

### DENNIS FAIRBAIRN

He plays basketball and tennis during that time not spent trying to convince Mr. Weber of the incorrectness of Ionic Theory. His explosive "I have it" frequently shatters the quiet (?) of our Maths. period. We do not know his ambition, but whatever it may be we metaphorically toast its success.

### HUGO BUTLER

He has been heard to say that he is beginning to like school, which may mean that he is not burning all his bridges. His understanding of Maths. is pathetic, of French lamentable, but then Edison left school at fourteen. He is incidentally the class reporter. He says he is an Epicurean, but we call it laziness.

### GORDON ARMISTED

He may be only taking a few subjects but he certainly likes (?) French. However, he tells us school interferes with his fun. He apparently enjoys school although he is such a fun-lover.

### IRA BROWN

There is no holding these country boys. Ira comes from Quarantine, his much envied complexion certainly bears out the healthfulness of the climate. Ira is always ready for a laugh, not by any means a dead-stick.

### HAROLD ATWELL

His laugh will nearly blast you from your seat, but you don't mind, for when he laughs you laugh with him. Harold seems to like school, but as he is a partial there is some excuse for it. Whereas we other hard-done-boys carry eleven subjects, he only has about half that many.

### MARY PATERSON

In both Chemistry and Maths. she and Ed Slater sit across the aisle from each other, and consequently these subjects to her are just one long talk. We wonder how she finds the time to open her Chemistry book, but she does. Mary thinks that there are thirty reasons for disliking school, and they are all teachers.

### AUDREY BICKFORD

Her theory was, that the less homework you did the higher marks you got. But from well founded experience we all disagree, and so does Audrey since we had the results of the last exams. We have not yet found out whether she likes Grammar because she gets high marks, or gets high marks because she likes it.





## ESTHER FORD

Insists that she does not study, but there are those who think differently. They say that they have passed Esther's house and seen the midnight oil burning. Apart from that she is the class secretary, and an able one at that. She has to be, to get money from us. We tell her we like icea-cream better than school fees, and we squeeze the nickel until the buffalo squeals.

## HELEN POLLOCK

Just anothr strong silent girl, but often they are the type who get what they want when they want it. She gave a very creditable performance in "Macbeth," she was one of the witches and as such did her best to make our hair stand on end.

## BARBARA DANIELS

She is a prefect and does she flash that pin? Being a prefect she can enter the room at any old time at all, a privilege all envy her. Barbara has been at High School five years now and has alreedy got her Commercial, and now nearly has her Matric. Whatever she gets she certainly worked for.

## FRANCES GRAHAM

She is also a prefect, though Division III was passed over as far as boy prefects were concerned, it certainly got the girls. Frances doesn't like history, she says it doesn't affect her how many wives Henry the Eighth had, or what the name of the Admiral of the Swiss Navy was. All she wants is her Matric. We are afraid that she is much too jolly for a prefect. She should have more decorum, but we would rather have her as she is.

## FRANCES MELLOR

She manages just to sneak in at the same moment as the last bell rings. Frances has developed this to the point of being an art. She likes Grammar; in fact during a lesson in that subject her hand is seldom down.

## DAPHNE WILLIAMS

Her Math. marks are usually things to be viewed with awe, much too high for us humble beings. She usually has opposite ideas in Grammar than anyone else, and even when the point is settled will not wholly believe it. She will laugh at jokes even at those the teachers crack, even if it is only to make them feel better.

## DORIEN WILLIAMS

While Daphne has the brilliance, we suspect Dorien of having a certain spark of, shall we say, originality; a spark that the brilliant Maths. student does not possess. She will not always follow the general opinion in certain topics. She is, in short, slightly radical, a trait which, if applied, should carry her far.

## LOIS PENDRAY

Lois is only taking a partial course and so when we have English she slogs at Grammar, which is tough. Lois is always ready to join us in a bit of fun. She has a sense of humor which is a great asset.

## MARY GIBSON

She comes of a clever family and is not in any way letting it down. She is always ready to help a poor unfortunate with a problem in Chemistry. She talks exactly the right amount, enough to be good fun, but not enough to be labelled as a "talker" in the books of the teachers.

## DORIS MATHIESON

Not much of a talker; she prefers to sit and think, or just sit. We understand that she belongs to a bridge club; doubtless she talks herself out there and has nothing more to say for the rest of the week.

## WALLACE LEE

His forte is certainly not English, but many there are who envy him his understanding of Maths. He plays basketball and when he shoots they're in. Not only that but he whistles the ball over the plate like a veteran in softball.

## VIC ZALA

We envy Vic his partial course and his knowledge of Macbeth, and when he walks out at the beginning of every chemistry period do we burn? He was a messenger in the play. We're not sure, but we think he was playing the part of several messengers for the way he jumped into every scene was surprising.

## RANDOLPH VICKERS

The marks this youth manages to amass are astounding. It is whispered abroad that he studies; well, perhaps he does, but we can't convict him; there isn't enough evidence. His hobby is pen-nib darts together with elastic bands and pellets.

## RICHARD JOHNSON

He doesn't make much noise; "he goes the even tenor of his ways," or somp'n. But, nevertheless, he thinks. One need only look at his marks; they are, to say the least, good.



### GLADYS ROBERTSON

"Still waters run deep." Gladys is as quiet as a mouse in class. She never disturbs the stillness of a room. She is a very good student, a ladylike girl, and altogether a credit to our division.

### NOREEN CREELMAN

"O how we miss your happy face!" Noreen has unkindly deserted us, but we have the small consolation that she is back for a partial course.

### PEGGY HIGGS

When it comes to English Peggy soars into the stellar spaces, far above the heads of us earthly mortals. Her favorite sport is horseback riding and perhaps that is where she gets those rosy cheeks and that cherubic smile.

### KATHLEEN ELLIS

Quite a charmer, we hear that at college (it doesn't matter), we won't tell. She has been accused by Captain Boyd of having an inferiority complex in Grammar, but we always notice that she passes. Perhaps she is saving up for the June exams and is going to drub us all.

## Division Four

### LORNA BENSON

Our class president, prefect and member of Students' Council. Lorna's sweet disposition has won her "golden opinions from all sorts of people."

### JEAN BONNELL

A mystery surrounds Jean in that we cannot understand how she is able to keep a permanent wave around the back of her head.

### VIOLET CANTWELL

"A spirit groaning in desire, to follow knowledge like a sinking star." 'Tis said Violet traces her ancestry back to Euclid.

### LIONEL COX

Lionell is vice-president of the newly-formed Chess Club. Lionel also thinks that even the depression has now even reached school life so far as his marks are concerned.

### BERNARD DE VILLE

Bernard shines mostly in English periods and his methods of writing compositions even satisfy Mr. Smith.

### BETH DILWORTH

Our only contribution to the Girls' Senior Hockey team. According to Miss Thomas, Beth is a doomed failure in Latin. Never mind, Beth, there are thirty more with you.

### STELLA INGRAM

One of Division IV's seven partials. Stella has a habit of coming to school once a week—that is provided we don't have a Latin exam.

### LUTHER JANSEN

Luther is one of the foremost debaters in the school. The only thing that Luther cannot speak fluently on is Latin.

### ERNEST JOHNSON

Better known as "Sam." Sam is a good student and a good golfer. He won the caddies' golf championship last year.

### DOUGLAS PEDEN

Doug is truly quite an affable young man who occasionally goes to sleep in Math. periods, much to the disgust of Mr. Armstrong. Doug also holds prominent positions in all sport games of the school.

### MARGARET PENDERLEITH

Margaret takes as her motto, "silence is golden"—especially when Mr. Armstrong asks her to write a Geometry theorem.

### HAROLD PRICE

Another lucky partial. Harold's greatest difficulty is to make a pass in History. and his greatest pleasure is in revisiting Miss Sargeant's room at 3:15. Harold also enters into quite a lot of the school's sports.

### IAN RAYMENT

Ray joined us about Christmas. Doesn't yet believe in doing his Maths. homework. He must like 3:15 trips to Room 5.





Doug Peden



Ray Simpon



Margaret Plenderluth



Stella Ingram



Bernard Shipton



Lionel Cox



Beth Dilworth



Muzz Patrick



Marjorie Tinker



Horace Miller



Jean Bonnell



Lorna Benson



Luther Jansen



Alan Paver



Beatrice Williams



Ernest Johnson



Harold Price

## DIVISION 4



Evelyn McLahan



Violet Cantwell



Bernard Deaville



Lionel Wright



Margaret Ross



Patricia McLarin



Barbara Kennedy



Gordon Robinson



Harvey Mickleson



Ian Raymant



Phillip Jones



Hubert Seats





### **GORDON ROBINSON**

We think Gordie wears glasses so that he is able to get twice as much Latin as most members of our division are able to.

### **HELEN ROSS**

The latest addition to our class.  
Her voice was ever soft and low,  
An excellent thing in woman."

### **MARGARET ROSS**

"Our little ray of sunshine." Margaret is the only member of Division IV that is not suffering from acute indigestion over Latin.

### **BERNARD SHIPTON**

"An argument a day keeps the doctor away," is Bernard's theme in his school work. We also notice that Mr. Smith is going very slightly bald because of Shipton's use of all the large words of our language in his vocabulary.

### **PHILIP JONES**

Another lucky partial. And what Philip doesn't know about Chess isn't worth knowing.

### **BARBARA KENNEDY**

Another lucky partial. Barbara spends her Geometry periods trying to figure out how Jean gets the waves in the back of her hair.

### **HARVEY MICKELSON**

"Mike" has the disturbing faculty of hiding the little he does know.

### **HORACE MILLER**

Horace is the little boy that has a blush for every occasion.

### **ROBERT MacINDOE**

"Bob" is another lucky partial. He is one of the few members of our division who takes his studying seriously—oh, yeah?

### **PATRICIA MACLAREN**

"Pat" is the life of Division IV. Whenever there is any noise in the classroom, Pat is usually always the cause.

### **EVELYN McLUHAN**

Evelyn is one of the few members of Division IV who take their work seriously and is therefore one of the leading members of our division.

### **MURRAY PATRICK**

"Curly-locks" Patrick wears such bright coloured ties just to make sure he won't fall off to sleep in Latin. "Muzz" is also one of our school's outstanding athletes.

### **ALLAN PAVER**

Allan is quite an authority on how the proper pronunciation of the King's English goes. He is also a member of the High School's orchestra.

### **RAYMOND SIMPSON**

Ray is quite efficient in the arts of basketball and in being quite an artist. And in sketching he often takes as his models the various teachers.

### **HUBERT SCEATS**

"Skeets" is only small in stature, but is a great manager. He managed to wriggle out of our first two lots of exams. I wonder what happened the last time.

### **MARJORIE TINKER**

Marjorie is suffering from the effects of the Lotus Plant. "O rest ye fellow members, we will not study more."

### **BEATRICE WILLIAMS**

Beatrice never seems to do any homework yet she always shows up well in her exams.

### **LIONEL WRIGHT**

Is small and quiet, but he has plenty of grey matter and is one of Mr. Armstrong's few joys in our division in Maths.



Herbert Cuthbertson



Kingsley Rowe



William Muncy



James Wilson



Keith Firth



Don Taylor



Jim Robb



Gordon Dunaway



John Alexis



Byrd Mainprize



John Lauder

## DIVISION 5



Tom Smith



"Willy" Cross



Brock LaPointe



Ken Henderson



George Wellborn



Ken MacDonald



Stan Ford



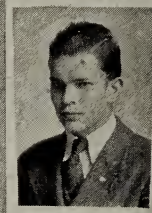
Jack Fawcett



Alaric Corby



Roy Handleby



Chris Howland





## Division Five

### JOHN ALEXIS

Is such a hard-working lad that he doesn't let his education interfere with his studies.

### ALARIC CORBY

Is the president of the Beta Delta; when he blows his nose, downtown workers have been known to have gone to get their lunch.

### WILLIE CROSS

Belies his name by being a very good-natured person. The teachers can't detain him—he has an after-school job.

### HERBERT CUTHBERTSON

Is the brawn, if not the brains of the class.

### GORDY DUNAWAY

Is a member of Mr. Roper's boxing class, but he makes most of his knockouts with the fair sex.

### JACK FAWCETT

"What's the boy Malcolm?" This lad is a good actor, but he doesn't have to force a smile when he gets his report.

### KEITH FIRTH

We think that Keith will make good in almost any employment, but advise him not to be a politician.

### STANLEY FORD

Stan's ambition is to rank first; better luck in college, ole kid!

### KEN HENDERSON

What Ken doesn't know about motor bikes could be put on a dime, what he does know about school could be put under—But that would be telling tales out of school.

### GEORGE HODGSON

Is our all-round sports champion. He excels in soccer, rugby, basketball, tennis, badminton and boxing and still finds time to attend classes.

### CHRIS HOWLAND

Can run through a Beta Delta speech without a break—but he can't recite a Geometry theorem without Mr. Campbell giving him many breaks.

### BROCK LA POINTE

Has a fine sense of humor, but it sometimes gets the better of him in English periods.

### JOHN LAUDER

The editor of "The Avanti," but otherwise a pretty good student. He comes and puts his spoke in the great wheel of education by taking first honors (sometime).

"The man's a genius, no doubt."

### BILL LEONARD

Is very popular with the teachers, who often invite him to come and visit them after school.

### BRYL MAINPRIZE

"The Midshipman" believes that "sailors don't care," especially where educational matters are concerned.

### JACK MILLER

Is the only sensible boy in the class—he takes only three subjects.

### WILLIAM MUNCY

When he hasn't his beloved 'cello in his hands, Billy can usually find something to play with.

### KEN MacDONALD

Our little "Walter Winchell," whose news of to-day is the headline of tomorrow's "Little Red Book." He aspires to be a radio announcer and may be heard mumbling "Luckies, please." Look out, Claney!

### LLOYD RALPH

Is a good worker although he believes in the three-day school week and has never been present four days in succession.





MARY IIVING



C. ALEXANDER



JESSIE YORSTON



S. CORBETT



JUDITH WILES



DOREEN LOUGHHEED



ALICE SKELLERN



MARJORIE MARSTON



MARY WILSON



J. PELLAND



ANNE BAPTY



D. PETHERBRIDGE



ESTHER PIMM



LEN ARNALL



JEAN WILSON



W. SLOAN



JEAN MUNRO



J. STURROCK



FLOSSIE HUGHES



RUSSEL TODD



K. GROWHURST



HELEN SCHWENGLERS



PEGGY BRINOLE



BERT WHITE



M. DICKSON



SOLOMON LEUNG



EDITH WALSH



ELEANOR TROTTER



GORDON WALSH



JOHN LUND



V. CHASTER



G. BILLINGSLEY



O. ABERCROMBIE



ALICE GAHAN



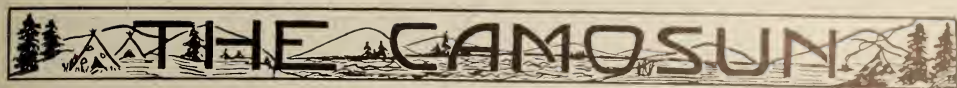
RUTH WITTER



ROBERT JONES



IDA GIBSON



**JIM ROBB**

Is a fine basketball player—his compositions also usually find their way into the wastepaper basket.

**KINGSLEY ROWE**

Is our "placid and perfect" class president whom even the teacher's can't find fault with.

**TOM SMITH**

Tom thinks that the riddle of the Sphinx is "I'm a dreamer, aren't we all?"

**DON TAYLOR**

Improved so much in Maths. recently that he was able to balance the class budget.

**GEORGE WELLBURN**

As a swimming champion George receives many compliments—but this does not remind him that the verb "to be" also requires a complement.

**JIM WILSON**

Has a very highly developed brain; for this reason he never gives it any exercise.

**JAMES WILSON**

Is the only fellow in the class who comes to school to get an education—maybe it's his nature or maybe it's because he has to come all the way from Langford to go to school.

## Division Six

**OPAL ABERCROMBIE**

"Suds" is always busy at something for the school. It used to be Portia, now it's the Stamp Club, of which she is originator. She also took part in the Matric. Play.

**GREG ALEXANDER**

Greg has a continual grin on his face. We sometimes wonder if he is smiling to us or at us.

**LEN ARNALL**

A handsome blonde on whom all efforts on the part of kindly teachers to persuade him to work less assiduously for the sake of his health seem ineffectual.

**ANNE BAPTY**

Anne has a sneeze that nobody can imitate and, believe it or not, it usually takes place in same manner, time and place every day.

**CLIFFORD BILLINGSLEY**

We wonder if "Chirp" got that piercing look from reading detective stories. He is one of the brightest lads in the class and his greatest hope is to pass in June.

**PEGGY BRINDLE**

Our "Blonde Venus" of the track. Peggy has held the track championship in her class for the last three years. She is going in training at the Jubilee Hospital in September. Good luck, Peg!

**VIRGINIA CHASTER**

Virginia is going to be a sales-lady when she leaves school (so Mr. Hi— says). With her line of talk she could sell grass skirts to Eskimoese! Good stuff, Ginger!

**ALICE GRAHAM**

We don't hear much from Alice but when we do it's good. She always seems to write about seventeen more pages than any of us on exams—an all-round sport

**FLOSSIE HUGHES**

Our "giggling Gertie." Flossie finds it hard to stop laughing once she gets started, but there's no lack of brain behind that laugh. She is seldom seen without Peggy.

**KAY CRAWHURST**

Kay is our class pessimist. Fifteen years from now she will be looking back on 1933 as "the good old days." Cheer up, Kay! the worst is yet to come.

**STEWART CORBETT**

Stewart's favorite pastime at school is "digging" in the "aggie" garden and chatting over the day's scandal with Bill. Don't forget, Stewart, you've got some digging to do for June!





## MARGARET DICKSON

Margaret is our one and only combination of flaxen hair and black eyelashes—and do they cause a sensation! Marg excels in every subject, and we hold her up as a shining example to everybody in Matric.

## CLEMENTS GAZLEY

"Gazley! Gazley! give me your answer true" (Mr. Hardie's theme song). Clem is just a little bunch of surprises. Who knows but what he'll beat us all in June.

## IDA GIBSON

Little but wise—she conceals her superior knowledge under a curly topknot and a sweet smile.

## MARY IRVING

Is one of the quieter members of Division VI, and probably she'll take a tip from Mary D., who is her best chum, and follow the illustrious Dickson's footsteps.

## ROBERT JONES

Frankenstein himself! but a different species of lady killer. Bob is continually full of new jokes and has a habit of writing out his latest humorous bits and passing them around for the benefit of the class.

## SOLOMON LEUNG

It is frequently said that Solomon is the only gentleman in the class. But he probably thinks if there were more ladies there would be more gentlemen.

## DOREEN LOUGHEED

Doreen, on finishing her Matric, is still undecided whether she will go to college, take up music, or become a lady of leisure. We believe she could succeed at any one of them.

## JOHN LUND

Johnny must have eaten a gedunk "Lotus" sundae for he certainly is our champion sleeper in class; but even so, enough facts penetrated his coma to get him good passing marks.

## MARJORIE MARGISON

Marge is our class reporter, and we have her to thank for not giving away too much of the truth about us. She is a dandy piano player, and is a swift tennis player, which is probably one of the causes for her school-girl complexion.

## JEAN MUNRO

Jean is our "sweet violet." She doesn't need to talk to put her arguments over—she just looks. She is usually found near Jean Wilson.

## JUANITA PELLAND

Nita has a gift for making up 8:30 class excuses and, along with "them" flashing black eyes and "that" black hair, what teacher wouldn't let her off. Yes, now we come to think of it, Nita must be Spanish.

## DOREEN PETHERBRIDGE

Doreen looks out at us from under a curly mop that we all rather envy. She doesn't say much, but she knows how to blush, a thing in our division that is almost a forgotten art.

## ESTHER PYM

Esther is another of our pianists who is often seen playing in the auditorium in the mornings. In class she is seen but seldom heard, unless it is with an answer

## ALICE SKELLERN

Alice is known as the "mouse" and she sure can put up a "squeak" when she thinks it necessary. Alice is another of our prize blushers.

## JANETTE STURROCK

"Cheerful people," says "Jenny," "resist disease better than glum ones—in other words, the surly bird catches the germ." With this theory Janette intends to don the cap and apron in September and give the Jubilee a treat.

## RUSSEL TODD

Russel is one of those nasty "Colonist" boys that wake a person up by throwing the paper against the door, but he is fully punished by having to get up so early.

## ELEANOR TROTTER

You should see Trotter trot around playing basketball. She played on both school and class teams, helping considerably toward their respective victories—again good things come in small packages.





#### **EDITH WALSH**

This piquant dark-eyed damozel is tall and slender and has that boyish figure the girls all try for. She is keen on sports and plays an enviable game of tennis.

#### **GORDON WALSH**

Gordie, we believe, is a very close relation of Edith's, and he certainly shares her popularity. What would we do without his continual "snappy snappers."

#### **BERT WHITE**

It has long been an argument among the girls about what size combs Bert uses to set those waves in his hair. Bert just loves History.

#### **JUDITH WILES**

Judy is our "red-headed woman" but she has the most even temperament we have ever seen. Judy studies while the rest of us play (?). Good girl, Judy!

#### **JEAN WILSON**

Jean plays basketball and hockey and is our most noble overworked class president. In spite of the fact that she gives us tickets to sell and chisels our pennies out of us, we still love her.

#### **MARY WILSON**

No relation to Jean, but she's an ardent basketball player likewise. She captained the school team to the championship of the league and the class team to the inter-class championship. You show 'em, Mary.

#### **RUTH WITTER**

"Ruthie" is our "Whispering Baritone" and certainly provides much amusement in English periods. She is an excellent student and is liked by all.

#### **JESSIE YARSTON**

Jessie hails from the Cariboo—lucky Cariboo—and has proved herself a pal to all of us; and we join in wishing her luck in whatever she takes up in the future.

#### **HELEN SCHWENGERS**

Popular piano-playing prefect, perfectly performing—it's no use—but Helen is a good sport and carries out her duties with befitting dignity. Good luck, Helen!

#### **BILL SLOAN**

"The liniment boy." Bill usually sleeps right next to Johnny in classes. He is not sleepy when it comes to tennis tho', and we hear he is even "tennis prefect."

## **Division Eleven**

#### **MARION ALEXANDER**

The depression seems to have struck Marion's English mark. Nevertheless, this little "live wire" is "the cream in our coffee."

#### **AMY ANDERSON**

Any early riser will find Amy in the Arithmetic room working full blast. There's no doubt about Amy being well up in the pass list in June.

#### **PHYLLIS AWMACK**

The girl with the English accent. Fear never enters Phyllis' heart when Mr. Welch's voice says, "Homework out." Best at June, Phyllis.

#### **NORMA BLAKE**

The little girl with a big personality. Norma is the school secretary and is the big noise in any social doings of the class.

#### **FRANCES BORDE**

Teachers worship at the feet of this young lady. Because of her wonderful (?) marks, Frances and her teachers are often seen after 3:15 talking things over.

#### **MARGARET CARGIL**

Margaret is the shining light in our division. We wonder what kind of a bawling out Margaret would get if she ever ranked anything but first.

#### **RUTH CROWHURST**

Ruth claims there's not a boy in the school worth looking at. Now we ask, what has Kirchin done to deserve that sort of treatment?

#### **HELEN GWILT**

Helen has a light, silvery voice, but we all notice how she gets her way with the male population of our division. Perhaps it's her personality?



RUTH PEARCE



L. PAINTER



EDNA PARKER



M. ALEXANDER



AMY ANDERSON



FRANCES BOODE



R. CROWHURST



M. DARTINGTON



FRANCES KELLY



H. MCGILLIVRAY



EVELYN FLEMING



PHYLLIS ACTON



NORMA DRAKE



M. LEACH



C. LIDDLE



NORMAN GRAY



LILLIAN GRANT



HELEN GAULT



ROSE LORE



ROBT BROOKER



KEN LANE



HUGH ROWAN



M. CAIRNS



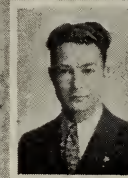
K. FOXGRIP



MARY HARKER



ROBERT HALL



S. HOCKINS



WILBUR RHODE



VIVIAN HAMMAN



J. K. JONES



IRMA GOVER



VERMA HOLT



JENNIE WARD



GEORGE ORWIN



C. HIGGINS





### LILLIAN GRANT

Outside of her schoolwork (?) Lillian wrestles with the bagpipes, but, apart from this, the class has nothing against her.

### NORMAN GRAY

Our budding author. A dangerous rival for George Bernard Shaw, as he has already risen to mighty heights of class reportership. His typing is like that of all great writers, indifferent.

### VIVIAN HANNAN

Vivian is our class president, and what a boss! When Vivian takes the chair, all the boys take an interest. Her "cardinal" enjoyments are basketball and chewing gum.

### VERNA HOLT

Verna reminds us of that song "Holt my hand." But what right have we to talk. If we had Verna's technique, we would be teaching instead of listening.

### FRANCES KELLEY

Many students fail, and many pass, but Frances in her quiet, serene manner goes on collecting all the high marks. And what a gal out of school hours!

### KATHLEEN FOXGORD

Who is the girl who meekly tells her instructor when he makes a mistake in History? None other than our demure Kathleen. Napoleon would turn in his grave with delight if he ever heard Kathleen recite his history.

### BERNICE UNWIN

Years from now, Bernice will be pointed out as an example of a girl who can hold her own in an argument with any of the teachers.

### GENEVIEVE LIDDLE

We don't see why teachers should get angry with so nice a young lady. Perhaps she talks all period, perhaps she never has her homework done, but outside of that there's nothing whatever wrong.

### HELEN ROWAN

Helen is one of our Girl Guides. When the class is in the mud about some history, Helen does her daily good deed by soothing us with a long string of unknown reforms.

### JENNY WARD

Jenny is one of our leading athletes. She can hurdle anything that comes her way. Jenny likes Bookkeeping, too; don't tell anyone, but it might be that tall teacher in room 32.

### EMMA GOWER

Emma is our speedy little typist. Emma is so hot on the typewriter she melts one every time she takes a test.

### MARY HALKET

Mary believes that "silence is golden," but her marks certainly speak loudly enough for her intelligence. We believe Mary will go through with a bang in June.

### EDNA PARKER

"All the world's a stage." We think Edna should have a stage of her own—she seems to be the leading lady in Division XI's merriment.

### LILLIAN PAINTER

Wherever Edna is, her pal Lillian will be by her side. These two are just a couple of "P's" in a pod.

### ROSE LORE

Rose is our Oriental representative. This young lady keeps Mr. Welch on the go to hold his own with her.

### MARGARET LEACH

Margaret is the model student for any teacher. We notice that Margaret plays the violin in the school orchestra.

### IDA TRURAN

Ida is our idea of a good steady student and she should go a long way in the celebrated "business world."





Margaret Fleming



Beatrice Dickens



Ida Casilio



Marjorie Jeatt



Vida Andrews



Helen Mitchell



Pat Brien



Hazel Mainwaring



Doris Berry



Sue Nipp



Peggy Blerkinsopp



Russ Branshaw



Betty Geie



Edna Bourne



Maguerite Newell



Dorothy Lowe



Joyce Finch



Margaret Carroll

## DIVISION 12



Eileen O'Neill



Connie Laing



Evelyn Baxter



Mildred Hawne



Rodney Danks



Kay Daley



Ivy Henry



Hazel Singleton



Nancy Lambrick



Elsie Cross



Hazel Ledson



Olive Jordan



#### **HILDA MacGILLIVARY**

Hilda is one of the best humored students in our class. Strangely enough, Hilda always seems to pop up and get her share when they are giving out marks.

#### **RUTH PEARCE**

Ruth is one of the perfect students so none of the reporter's remarks would take effect. She is seldom heard from but when she does speak she is worth listening to.

#### **EVELYN FLEMING**

Evelyn, with her drawing voice, causes much interest when, regardless of teachers, she gives her opinion on any subject.

#### **STAN HODGKINSON**

Stan, is the prefect on the third floor. We notice he took up boxing this year—and was he a knockout! We wish to congratulate Stan, on playing in the orchestra and also the quartet.

#### **CLAUDE HIGGINS**

Alias "Cowboy." The apple of the class's eye (and the fly in a certain worthy's ointment), Claude is a good basketball player. If you don't believe it, just ask him.

#### **CLARENCE "BUDDY" KIRCHIN**

Bud is our wrestler so it can be easily understood why teachers never wax ferocious over Bud's "misaid" homework.

#### **ROBERT HALL**

Bert is the brains of the division. Now and then Bert drops in at the school to see if the teachers are attending to business. He is also in the Scotties, and has just one more down payment to make before he can keep his kilts.

#### **WILBUR RHODE**

Will "Zeke" Rhode is the Luxton farmer boy. He goes home every week-end and he tells us he has a good time up "that thar way."

#### **KEN LAWSON**

Ken is the official pit digger of the room. He plays golf. Strange as it seems, on every fine day, this budding Bobby Jones is missing from the classroom.

#### **ROBERT BROOKER**

Bob and the teachers are good natured rivals; Bob, good naturedly forgets his homework, and they, the teachers, just as good naturedly, keep him in.

#### **MARGARET PARTINGTON**

Margaret is one of the quiet students of the room. We are sure that Margaret will get through in June.

#### **WINNIE WHITE**

Winnie was one of the leading students before she left us. We wish her all success in her work.

## **Division Twelve**

#### **VIDA ANDREWS**

Vida has all the suffering of those who come first on the list. However, she's very even-tempered—and as to artistic ability, well—Andrea del Sarto is put completely in the shade.

#### **EVELYN BAXTER**

One of these amazing people who never make mistakes in typing. Evelyn indulges a great deal in mental telepathy with Marjory in room 32.

#### **DORIS BERRY**

The name may sound like small fruits to you, but Doris goes in for big things. (Forgive this deplorable pun.) She actually attempts impossible profit and loss statements (?).

#### **ROSS BRADSHAW**

The way Ross is picked on in the Typing Room is enough to melt the hardest heart, but Ross takes it like a little man. He answers in that slow, dignified fashion, which so bespeaks the Bradshaw personality.

#### **PAT BRIEN**

Of the incomparable team of Brien and Bradshaw. He carries on private, but audible conversations with the noble Ross right under Mr. W—'s highly indignant nose.





### PEGGY BLENKINSOP

Our class reporter. She is just a "wee bit thing," but then, you know, "Precious things come in small packages." Never seen without Elsie. Has more Blarney than an Irishman.

### EDNA BOURNE

Edna's the girl with the twinkling brown eyes. Another typing expert. We expect to hear big things about Edna in the future.

### IDA CASILIO

Ida gets the job of going to the library for books with names as long as your arm. By the way, Arithmetic does not seem to have that stupefying effect on Ida, that it has on most of us.

### HELEN CLAGUE

Guaranteed to attempt any Bookkeeping in sight. And not only attempt it, but gets it right, too!

### MILDRED HAWKE

Why gentlemen prefer blondes. Mildred thinks "Absence makes the heart grow fonder," so she has frequent holidays from school. Always seen with Joyce.

### IVY HENRY

Ivy's mottoes are "Silence is golden" and "Honesty is the best policy," and we are beginning to think there may be something in it after all.

### MARJORY JEATT

Marjory tries hard to hide her cleverness, but it has to come out after the exams. Another person who believes in silence, but that doesn't stop her from being well liked by everybody.

### OLIVE JORDAN

Olive certainly seems to get along with the teachers. Olive positively exhales an atmosphere of accuracy and efficiency.

### NANCY LAMBRICK

Our only flaming youth. Nancy is well off for names. At school she is "Nancy," and at home she is "Joan." Rather refreshing, don't you think?

### HAZEL LEDSON

You hit it—another blonde. Hazel is much given to back chat. She usually sits in a very isolated seat in Arithmetic, by Mr. W—'s express orders.

### DOROTHY LOWE

Whenever anybody wants to borrow something they ask Dorothy. She's friends with everybody—and take it from us, Dorothy's head doesn't rattle when you shake it.

### HAZELLE MAINWARING

We guarantee Hazelle to have the slimmest waist in the school. We would like to know what Hazelle and Hazel L. conspire about during Arithmetic periods.

### HELEN MITCHELL

We don't hear much from Helen, but her highly ornamental qualities make up for it. She is a convenient eye rest after a wrestle with a manufacturing statement.

### MARGUERITE NEWELL

They say these blondes have the clearest and most practical minds, and we are beginning to think they're right.

### ELSIE CROSS

Elsie is one of those incredible people who get everything done without seeming to do anything. She is now past abusing Arithmetic, she merely ignores it.

### BETTY COWDERY

Betty's another of those lucky partials who actually bring library books to read in spare periods. James—the smelling salts.

### KAY DALEY

Kay is a living advertisement of Wrigley's chewing gum. She is commonly referred to, by Mr. W—, as "Kaydaley."

### ELLEN DOSWELL

Our budding Abt Vogler. Ellen gets so tired of putting her hand up during History, that she just props it up on the back of the desk and leaves it there.





#### **RODNEY DUNN**

Trips blithely down the aisle about five past nine, and triumphantly plants an excuse in front of Mr. H—'s slightly skeptical countenance. Wouldn't Rodney look delightful in a ballet-dress?

#### **JOYCE FINCH**

Perfectly groomed to the last eyelash. Joyce is one of the most popular girls in the class, despite Mr. W—'s allusions to the length of her tongue.

#### **MARGARET FLEMING**

Margaret is one of those restful, reliable people who get on well with everybody. She is usually seen protecting Vida from the mob.

#### **BETTY GALE**

Betty seems to possess that very elusive thing, "the secret of success." You can't catch Betty napping.

#### **MARGARET GARRAT**

If you want to know what Mona Lisa's smile looks like, look at Margaret. And take it from us there's a lot of grey matter behind it. You just can't get Marguerite muddled up, not even in Arithmetic.

#### **SUE NIPP**

She's just one reg'lar feller. Goodness knows how many languages she knows now, what with Shorthand 'n' everything.

#### **EILEEN O'NEILL**

The little Irish colleen with the big, innocent Irish eyes. With those blue eyes Eileen could get away with first degree murder. She has a habit of getting impossibly high percentages.

#### **LORNE RITCHIE**

Apollo Belvedere, Junior. Now, girls—one at a time, please! President of Division XII. Lorne is so indispensable that Mr. Mc—informed the class one day that they would have to deal with him gently because Lorne was absent.

#### **HAZEL SARGISON**

If there is anyone who is sure to get along in the world, it's Hazel. She's the perfect stenographer, bookkeeper and efficiency expert all rolled into one.

#### **DORIS WALKER**

Doris reminds you of the slogan, "Be nonchalant, light a Murad." (Never mind the Murad.) It is even rumoured that she brings her own soap to school, she is so fastidious. Gargle that!

#### **BEATRICE DICKENS**

Another of those lucky partials who try the most impossible Bookkeeping problems and get them right. Seen always with Olive J.

#### **CONNIE LAING**

Connie left us in the middle of the term, and is missed by all of us. She always had a friendly smile for everyone.

#### **DORIS PATTERSON**

Doris was our class secretary until she left us just before Christmas. Doris brightened many a geography period for us.



### **STOP, PRESS!**

In the School Sports, held yesterday (May 26th), "Muzz" Patrick and Jessie Lee Warner took the Senior track crowns, Irene Brockington and Dick Haddon captured the Intermediate honours, while Henry Di Castri and Virginia Hall lifted the Junior laurels. Six new records were made, the most outstanding of which was Patrick's splendid five minutes, two seconds for the mile (former time was 5:14).

### NOSTALGIA

Last week I dreamed of India,  
Last night I dreamed of Rome,  
But the only dreams that thrill me  
Are the dreams I dream of home.

Of the hills I left behind me,  
Of the streams I'll see no more,  
And the joys I thrust behind me  
When I left old England's shore.

In life those joys have vanished,  
But still their brightness gleams,  
For they come with thoughts of England  
In the memory of my dreams.

—George L. Smith, Division XVII.

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### IN THE GARDEN FULL OF FLOWERS

When Spring comes tripping down the lane,  
We herald her with loud acclaim,  
For, to us, she brings again  
The garden full of flowers.

The buttercups are seen once more,  
The daisies, scattered round the door,  
They gladden many a heart that's sore,  
In the garden full of flowers.

The daffodil, with trumpet clear,  
Symbol of kindness and good cheer,  
Is brought to view each year  
In the garden full of flowers.

An apple tree, all pink and white,  
A token of peace, in radiant light,  
'Tis hailed by all, in great delight,  
In the garden full of flowers.

Symbols are these of joyous Spring,  
When with songs the woodlands ring,  
And the world is full of Nature's ring  
In the garden full of flowers.

—Flora Campbell, Division XXV.



## Class Notes

### DIVISION VII.

Our Division's shining lights rise mostly from the ranks of the fair members of our class, and although these number but a few, they certainly make themselves heard (in more ways than one). Sheila Gibbs, Greta Hebden and Jean Maclauren head the list, but Johnny Hess has established the male priority by ranking first.

We often wonder what would happen to the mining business if it wasn't for Ken Grant. But Ken is well liked and deserves credit together with Sheila Gibbs for starting the "Liber-Terribilis," the class magazine. This paper, headed by the two above mentioned, is composed of articles written by the members of Division VII.

In sports, Tom Embry, Johnny Hess and Roy Hurdle uphold any reputation we may have.

### DIVISION VIII.

Margaret Smith—"A violet by a mossy stone." Her smile lights up the room like a ray of sunshine.

R. English—Our "league of nations." Called English, is Irish, born in Canada and belongs to the Scottish.

D. Meharey—Drinks muddy water so people can see him.

B. Humberstone—Without this lad our Division would be like a rattlesnake without rattles.

Hilda Smith—"Morituri te Salutamus." The Latin students bow low before this master mind.

M. Williams—His feet are so large that when he gets home at 4 o'clock his feet have been there since 3:15 o'clock.

W. Eekman—Class president. Worthy director of our affairs.

D. Rhodes—An artist of distinction. Portraits done at reasonable rates.

### DIVISION IX.

Hello; Everybody—We are Division IX, the enemy of couch-grass. Let us into your garden and we will destroy it. (We mean the couch-grass, not the garden.) Our theme song is "Hoe, Boys, Hoe," sometimes heard under the title of "The Fatigued Gardener."





But, as well as being farmers, we have several other budding vocations in our midst.

Bill "Euclid" Hall, our worthy president and the "Knight of the Set Square and Compass,"—and what can't he do with triangles?

Kewpie Unsworth and Ivor Fuller are the aquatic stars of the class. Ivor can kick a mean splash.

Carl Coates, the "Black" man of the class. Well, he gave them five points against the Yellows.

Clyde Banfield—The wizard at lifting divots, and—Oh! those plus-fours!

For instruction in French apply Gordon Gray. He knows that worthy (?) language from "a" to "le bibliotheque."

Donald Beach—Alias Walter Winchell. The class reporter. He also wields a mean brush in the art room (so they tell me).

#### DIVISION X.

What a division of talented students! Here we have athletes, orators, scholars, musicians and pugilists in our midst. Our scintillating brightness is dazzling. We never require to turn on the lights in our room, so bright is the effulgence emanating from our glistening personalities.

Ann-Mari Bjornsfelt is our recorder. When she is not late herself, she marks the attendance slip.

Our aquatic stars are Lillian Stokes, Loula Cameron and Lucy Mertton.

Phyllis Benson is our literary light. It is a joy to listen to her compositions.

Dorothy Baker is our talented poetess. She wrote a poem on the class, but the outburst was so moving that the Editor of the Camosun refused to make public. He doesn't want his readers to flood the school with tears.

Bill Winsby is a literary pugilist. Conundrum: Why is Bill like Gene Tunney?

George Langdon is our human foghorn. His very whispers are awful reverberations.

Jack Church is our Class President. He keeps us all in order and makes a splendid guide and mentor.

#### DIVISION XIII.

Carol Boyer—The division's champion badminton player. Carol has a charming giggle, which, she tells, was perfected in English periods.



Phylis Dilworth—Our chief source of amusement in the chem. lab. Phylis has a deep-rooted dread of explosions! “ ’Nuff said.”

Dorothy Fraser—“D” is a very capable class secretary and holds her own admirably in executive arguments with our equally capable president, Fay Ockenden.

Lilian McCall—“Thinks too much,” but is in no way dangerous. Lily is a bad influence in the class: she does all our Geometry for us and we are becoming (?) lazy.

Betsy McCallum—Her chief indoor sport is losing locker keys. Her locker partner was being reduced to a nervous wreck until the S.P.C.A. intervened.

Kay Sceats, Fay Ockenden and Phylis Dilworth keep the division “tuned up.” They’re so musical they sing in their sleep, thus enlivening many a weary Latin period.

The division owes its sincere thanks to the Male Department, which provides such an excellent object for Miss G—’s sarcasm that she doesn’t waste her time on the remainder of the class.

#### DIVISION XIV.

Our division isn’t really as empty-headed as the teachers think. This is shown by the marks we achieve in examinations.

Lois Macmurchie is our class president and a noted sportswoman.

Phyllis Jesse—Collector of shekels and a rep. to the Student’s Council.

June McAllister—In other words, Miss McTavish.

Betty Hughes holds the record in the art of conversation. We wonder if she talks in her sleep.

Annette Seabrooke—The unfortunate young lady who usually arrives just in time to be too late.

Kathleen Burnett will never be a farmer. She is scared of worms.

Melvin Dennstedt—Our future health teacher. His motto is “Eat, drink and be merry.”

Dick Surphlis—An example of “The Essence of Innocence.”

#### DIVISION XV.

Of course I could tell you all about Division XV’s supremacy over any other division in the school, but what’s the use. You all know that.

“The Ides of V.H.S. (Division XV) have come;”



"Aye students, but not gone."

Of all our male teachers I would like to say "Such men are dangerous."

Here's a suggestion for Pinkertons. If  $x$  marks the spot where the body was found, would our Algebra star make a good detective? Can she solve for  $x$ ?

Why do we always find Joan "back" after school drawing the shrimp. Maybe there is something in the scales against her.

All in all we've had an excellent year and to the next Division XV we pass the torch.

"Be yours to hold on high."

### DIVISION XVI.

When this term has passed we will be able to say we enjoyed ourselves, if nothing else. We have all had a good time—sometimes at a teacher's expense. We are not all dull, nor, by any means, all bright. Although we are "the dullest and noisiest class I have," to use a teacher's expression, when it comes to the averages, we all make a pass. In sports, too, we are not so backward, the class being represented on the school's basketball and soccer teams, while others enjoy participating in baseball and tennis matches. A few more serious students are members of Portia and Beta Delta. Well, "au revoir" for now.

### DIVISION XVII.

Division XVII is one of the classes Victoria High School should be proud of. It's all boys. They're real sons of learning, too—but not learning school-work. This is not extraordinary; but in one way Division XVII is unique. It has a grand total of one boy who does full two hours' homework every night. That is Mun Hope. Almost as famous is Ian Kay, amateur journalist, and Ormond Marrion, debater, who is reported to make political speeches in his sleep. And last—and biggest—Fraser McNaughton, president, who is responsible for the Chess Club. It takes genius to think of a thing like that; and more genius to play. So with notables like these in Division XVII you must admit that there's no class in the school quite like it. —Ray Ferry.

### DIVISION XVIII.

Division XVIII is a technical class, and should rightfully be called the bachelors' headquarters, the boys are all so shy when the members of the fair sex are around.





George (Pee Wee) Harrison is the smallest member of our division. Pee Wee says he likes ginger ale even if it does make his tongue feel like his foot is asleep.

Henry Whitworth, named "Hank the Hermit." Henry is one of these speed demons who risks his life on a motorcycle.

Charles Callow, an all-round scholar, and how Chuck can pile up those French marks.

Neil Butler, the man who keeps the wheels moving in Division XVIII with the editions of his weekly scandal sheet.

### DIVISION XIX.

We have been a wonderful class (Is 'zat so?). We have had our ups and downs in maths (oh, oh.). A splendid party united (?), the class. To our teachers we are a despair. They answer the questions of Maurice "Swede" Gold, our president, and scold Don Stewart, our secretary, but we are still here. The girls view with regret the fact that the year draws to a close. The entire class joins in thanking Miss Macleod for such a fine year.

### DIVISION XX.

Oscar Guelpa—He is a very prominent senior rugby player and is also very popular in sports around the school.

Albert Kirkbride—"The Mid-night Express." He is usually at the bottom of all mischief which goes on in the room. He is also a flashy forward for the Cowichan Cup team.

Bob Mair—Our local swimmer. He is a good competitor for the annual "Times" swim on Christmas Day. He is also an all-round sport.

Jack Cosier—Our local grappler. He takes boxing but can't even "box apples." He is also a good player for the Cowichan Cup team.

Ashikawa—Our outstanding Jiu Jitsu wrestler. Our fighting Japanese boy. He plays hard ball for the Japanese team. He is very interesting to talk to.

Jasper Henderson—A promising agriculturist. He is very interested in scientific farming. Just ask Mr. English.

Betty Barlow—Don't be so shy; If you keep that up you'll never get by.

Eleanor Pratt—At baseball she's good; at basketball she's better. But as a friend she's best.

Zelma Wille—She's little but she's wise. She's a terror for her size.



### DIVISION XXI.

Ralph Dent leaves the classroom for the lunchroom at 11:55 and returns at 1 o'clock. Ralph should get a higher ideal in life.

Evan Walker is our Mathematical genius, and he thrives on it, poor boy. Ethel Parsons is Miss Holroyd's last hope in French.

The trio, composed of Jean, Georgie and Helen, seem to be held together by that popular force known as chemical affinity.

Brooke Cornwall shows great promise in biological activities. He takes great delight in exploring the mysterious cavities of worms and frogs.

Jocelyn S. P. McCarter is the romantic damsel of Division XXI

Jack O'Connor is the history genius, and he is still living. He is also no mean Latinitarian.

Lucille McKay broke a long standing record; she was in time for school the other day.

### DIVISION XXII.

Lorne McGregor—Our division's runner. He is so fast he has to sit down and wait for his shadow to catch up to him.

Joe Cochrane—Our scientific genius. What Joe doesn't know about Chemistry and Physics isn't worth knowing.

Douglas Nelson—A student who has not yet convinced Mr. C. Campbell that he knows more Physics than any teacher.

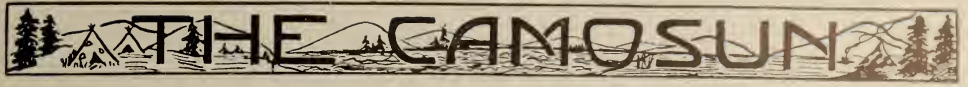
Jean Burgess, Jessie Fan and Vera Sinclair are the only girls in our division. Here's wishing them luck. And how!

Jack Ferguson—Our student council representative. He is a very quiet, diligent, assiduous, studious student.

### DIVISION XXIII.

We must remember our president, Sidney McAllister, who manages our class business so well, and Sheldon Beanby, our class treasurer.

Here it is, almost at the end of another school year and although we hate to admit it, that last day feeling will not be an entirely pleasant one. Having been together for so long, most of us have formed friendships that we would be sorry to lose. So we wish each other a good "pass" mark and hope to be together next year.



#### DIVISION XXIV.

Our division is one of all girls. Among us is Ruth Adams. One can always rely on Ruth for a good excuse, whether it be for homework not done or lateness.

Eily Miles and Molly Unsworth represent us on the hockey team.

We have a very demure maiden in our midst who is always seen arm in arm with the two Winter sisters. Her name is Patricia Murphy.

Patricia Scott is our very capable class president.

#### DIVISION XXV.

Division XXV is the first French and Latin division, and has an undisputed reputation for being the noisiest prelim. division in V.H.S. However, we have several mental marvels, who have had averages of about 90 per cent. On the whole, we get good results in the examinations.

We register with Miss Eaton, who tries with very little success to drive into our heads the fact that  $100=XInt$ .

"Une charmante demoiselle," Mademoiselle Swanson, instructs us in French, while Miss Maxwell gently fills our proficient (?) minds with that ancient and detestable language commonly known as Latin.

Captain Boyd "larns us our grammar good."

That intensely interesting subject called history is taught to us by Mr. Dee, and Mr. Lewis Clarke teaches us Health.

Bill Cameron ably fills the position of class president, and the secretary is Tom Pepper.

We are well represented in the Portia and Beta Delta Societies, and the Stamp Club.

#### DIVISION XXVI.

Division XXVI has the reputation of being one of the snappiest, pepperiest divisions in the school. Perhaps this is true because we are all of the fair (?) sex. We feel that the presence of boys would encumber our progress, and so go our happy way both in recreation and study.

#### DIVISION XXVII.

There is a division in Victoria High,  
You can't all be in it so why should you sigh,  
In all things that rise there must be a leaven,  
As yeast is to bread to the school is two-seven.





## DIVISION XXVIII

Division XXVIII is a division composed entirely of the fair sex. Under our president, N. Rowton, and our most patient teachers, we have enjoyed and, we hope, prospered in our first year at V.H.S. The "inmates" of the class took part in various pastimes of the institution; e.g. basketball, baseball and grass hockey. Others developed their vocal chords to advantage in the school choir—and still others who tried to develop their vocal chords in the classroom spent many half hours after 3:15 o'clock. P. Mulliner helped to put our class among the upper 400 by winning the first prize for Prelims, presented by Portia. K. Roley is the brain wave of Division XXVIII and lends a helping hand to the less intelligent. We are all looking forward to our second year and only hope that it will be as enjoyable an experience as this present year.

## DIVISION XXIX.

The best compliment a principal can pay a class is to say that it fits into the school life like a well-oiled cog. We, of Division XXIX, believe that Mr. Dilworth could say that of us. Following the leadership of our class president, Gaunt, we have taken a part in all the activities of the school. And, in looking back on our first year at Victoria High School, we find that it has been an enjoyable experience.

## DIVISION XXX.

We are proud of our division. We hate to boast, but we must say that we are a pretty good lot—good scholars, good sports, good looks!

Glen Thomas is our class president. He is big enough to manage any class, and he certainly guides our destinies with strength and vigor.

Jack Campbell is one of our handsome lads. Jack, however, is very modest, and doesn't know how handsome he is.

Jimmy Forrester is fiery-haired and fiery-brained. He ranked first in the Easter exams, and is likely to be one of the lucky students to be recommended.

Jack Watkins is becoming cross-eyed. He keeps one eye on the clock and the other on the teacher.

Fred Minnie is our all-round athlete. Fred expects to shine in the school sports. Good luck, Fredrico!



### DIVISION XXXI.

Good old Division XXXI is an all-girls' division, you know.

Some teachers say we're backward, but of course that isn't so. We have our mathematicians and many an athlete.

We're excellent in Science, and in Health we're hard to beat. We're good in our attendance and punctuality, because our teacher's awfully keen to count us late, you see.

Thelma Hopkins and Anne Grackett are the rivals of our class, even if they are not our best athletes.

Patsy Rhodes is our class president, and excels in sports. She has won the Inter-division Hockey championship, with the rest of the team.

Betsy Sharp is our scrupulous secretary.

### DIVISION XXXII.

We have had a very successful year as a unit under the presidency of Ian "Guillie" Williams and we wish to express our sincere appreciation to all our tutors, especially our registration teacher.

A review of celebrities:

Jimmie Lowe—The school's smallest student physically, but where brains are concerned, a Colossus.

Ian Williams—"Guillie" is our fully deserving class president. He is one of our star pupils and each exam finds him in the top berth.

George Cliff—Sprouting sportsman of the division. He possesses tremendous muscles which he uses more than the substance which presumably fills his cranium.

Kenny Willwood—The little boy who enquires every morning about assembly. We certainly look forward to his answer.

### DIVISION XXXIII.

The reporter wishes, firstly, to introduce Division XXXIII as a whole. The class shines at the Technical Shops where several craftsmen-to-be are being "broken in" by Capt. Breadner. Metalwork is a new subject for us, and is proving extremely popular under the instruction of the popular teachers, Mr. Rippon and Mr. Anstey. Secondly, we have in our midst several individual highlights. Jim Beckerleg, our leading student, every time topping the class, stands out particularly in mathematics. Jim's average in that subject



was ninety-nine. Also we are proud to have with us a classroom edition of Kreisler in John Pimm. John saws away on his fiddle with a very pleasing effect. He also has the makings of an impressive orator, for he readily does any public speaking for the class. Our class president, Lory Gaetz, makes a splendid and popular leader when need arises.

#### **DIVISION XXXIV.**

Ralph Shepherd is our Good Samaritan. He stepped into the breach as our class reporter when one was badly needed. We owe him many thanks.

Stanley McLaren is our model student. He is never late, never absent, and never is in trouble. He deserves a gingerbread medal.

Roy Taylor is our star basketball player. Why doesn't Roy take Division XXXIV to the Gym and give them a lesson in the game?

Charlie Cayley is our musician. We don't know what instrument he plays, but it certainly isn't his own horn.

Roy Whittle is our regular he-man. He plays most ferociously on the Junior Rugby team.

Finally, we are all boys in our class and are very glad that we are not bothered with a lot of jabbering girls.

#### **DIVISION XXXV.**

Our class has the enviable reputation of being the best and the brightest in the whole school. We say this in all humility, but we cannot refrain from informing our readers that we are not the least among a host of classes that rank high in the estimation of our teachers.

Colenso Miller is our first ranker. He is a credit to a creditable class.

Tom Dalzell is our auburn-haired Romeo. He is a good student and a good fellow.

Roi Smith is indeed a King. He is a jolly, good-natured fellow.

Donald Clarke is our laughing hyena. His voice is as sweet as the voice of fallen angels.

#### **DIVISION XXXVI.**

Division XXXVI is one of the best, if not the best division in the school. Aside from Doug Balfour, our Highland piper, Art Fuller and Gordon Aaronson, who are partials, our class largely consists of giggling girls.

Our outstanding quality is that we have a great variety of arts distributed among the members of our remarkable class.





Roberta Queale holds first place in the arts of being noisy, a nuisance and disobedient. And then there is Edna Creed, the poor girl who is so backward in English she is suffering from an acute attack of inferiority complex.

Joyce Warren and Edith Davies constitute the brains of the class and Mary Scott is our composition and English marvel. Nora Wilkinson excels in Arithmetic, while the biggest half of the class fails. We also have a future play writer and singer, Marion Kerr, who pals with Margaret Bearse, our Shorthand genius.

Including our class president, Mary Hancock, there are others who possess just as good qualities as those mentioned, but the largest number of pupils usually fall to the art Roberta has chosen.

Considering the previous statement we can be sure you will agree with us in saying that we have a most remarkable division.

### DIVISION XXXVII.

Under the able leadership of our class president, Tom Kimoto, we have weathered the storms of our first year at high school. And, having tasted of education, we now find that appetite has been only whetted. As a consequence next year will find us back "raring to go."

### DIVISION XXXVIII.

Lorna Farrell—Is our class president and she keeps us in good order. (Sometimes.)

Marguerite Davies—A member of the school choir, may look innocent, but . . . !

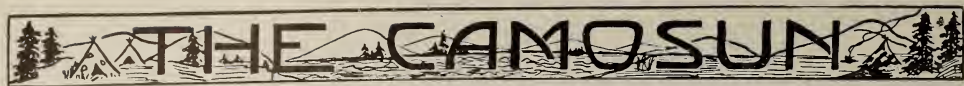
Tommy Novis—A mother's pride, a father's joy. But teachers say—a hopeless boy.

Edna Horne—We often wonder where Edna disappeared on the night of the class party.

Florence Hall—Always found between periods with her comb in one hand and mirror in the other.

Dorothy Pears—What our division wants to know is how Dot got her black eye.

Dorothy Wilson—The only (? ?) girl in Division XXXVIII who does not believe "Silence is Golden."



## Mt. Edith Cavell

### Descriptive Story

**F**AR up in the enchanting Rocky Mountains lies a pretty town known as Jasper Park. This little town is surrounded by many mountains that rise in towering masses into the sky. Among these mountains one, Mt. Edith Cavell, stands out for its beauty and fineness, and one night as we wended our way slowly down to the shore of Lake Edith, darkness was falling, and when the daylight blue had faded from the sky there was a dusky lull when all the birds trilled their little songs which swept everything from your mind but soft, delicious and beautiful things; all worries were forgotten in this moment. Then, as if flames leaped up out of the clear water, sky and mountain ran gold reflections on the clear ice and snow of Edith Cavell, and sending out beautiful flashes on the bushes and flowers and lighting up the dark silhouettes of the trees; this reddened slowly as the color burned, vivid like the heart of a rose. From crimson was born a soft blue-violet, that hung like a robe over the mountains, while the azure of the lake was slashed with silver.

As one gazed and gazed, afraid to turn away, there broke a flood of amethyst light out of the floating haze. It was dazzling for a moment, but before one could realize the change, it faded out into the purple shadows. The outline of the trees and the mountain faded away into a pansy gloom, the snow and ice dimmed into a sparkling dull violet and at last, with one parting quiver of light, all color was blotted out. Water and sky paled to a pensive grey-blue. Night had fallen.

It held us spellbound for minutes, then, like people in a dream, we realized that it was dark and cold. The spell was broken, but this magnificent sunset will still print itself upon my brain, and often when I am disappointed or in pain I think back to this quieting and beautiful sunset that is carefree.

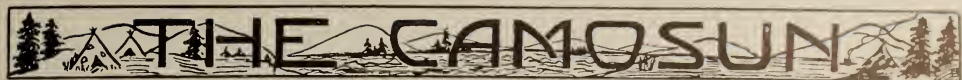
—B. P. W., Division XXV.

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### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

During the year we have received magazines from several schools, among them "The Twig," from the University of Toronto Schools; "The Log," of Ocean Falls High School; "Le Conte Life," of Hollywood; the "Anecho," of Victoria Normal School, and the "Victoria College Annual."

Each of the above publications is very enjoyable and does credit to its producers. We trust that this magazine will prove equally acceptable.



## For King and Country

### Prize Story

CORPORAL Allen lay in a stretcher smoking a cigarette slowly. He was waiting for the hospital ship. In spite of the quick pain that always rent his leg, he was happy. He would soon leave behind this forsaken landscape with its inevitable mud, sudden uncertainty and twisted faces. The horror of it! Once at a listening post the cool night breeze had borne the stench of putrified bodies to his sickened nostrils. No one ever became used to that smell.

It was forty-eight hours since he had been hit. They had gone over at dawn, scrambled over the wet parapet, fear pulling at their vitals in spite of rum. Wave upon wave they went, some with their mouths open, yelling soundlessly in the noise of the barrage.

Allen turned his eyes to the rows of disabled around him. Attendants moved constantly among the stretchers. Some of the wounded continually moved, some lay still and white, while others smoked, like himself. There was little noise. Once a stretcher near him was removed silently—the man was dead.

He was in hospital now. God! how good the cool sheets and cleanliness felt! On one side of him was a Canadian with both legs shot off; on the other a Lancashire man who read aloud weekly letters from home and set them into fits of laughter with his broad running comments on the family news. The ward shared cigarettes, jokes and troubles, bound together by common suffering.

Those men without families within reach hated visitors' day. Some visitors came with smiles and flowers and few words; others came with intimate solicitation and questions of the things the men were trying to forget. These visitors would praise them for their devotion to King and country, and the corporal would think of the legless man beside him—and worse.

Allen leaned heavily on his stick and hobbled down the pathway to a seat he liked to sit upon, where the warm sun beat upon his grateful shoulders. Three days ago he had discarded crutch and nurse, and now he rejoiced in his independence. He wanted to be left alone and quiet, but sympathetic passersby bothered him incessantly. They were well meaning but he wanted peace. He reflected that if he could contrive to get some clothes not so conspicuous as the uniform he wouldn't attract so much attention. That night he persuaded the duty nurse to dig up a suit of "civics," and next day when his seat was reached as usual he noted with satisfaction the success of his plan. The world passed him by unheedingly.



There was nothing to suggest that a war was in progress. The grass was green and springy underfoot as it always was. The sun shone; the birds sang and quarreled over absurd problems; people scurried past with attache cases, faces engrossed in their business. This was life in an even tone, uninteresting and commonplace compared with the tremendous excitement he had existed on in France. He wondered how on earth he would ever settle down to it if he got through or the war stopped before he went back. He just wouldn't be able to. He'd have to go to Canada or one of the colonies where life was new and there were frontiers. His train of thought was broken by a girl brushing past his arm, and he looked up, but she walked on rather quickly. He turned around again.

"What's that?" He picked it up. "A white feather! God, I'll . . ." But, no, it was a mistake; she just didn't know, but—it was hard.

—Bill Shorrock.



## Palma Non Sine Pulvere

"Now!"

FOUR pairs of rough hands were unclasped; twin coils of rope whipped through the blocks; four men threw themselves on their oars while the grey and red bulge of the "King Arthur" leaned far over them. It was for nothing. The "King Arthur" rolled drunkenly back. The four volunteers fought the slimy sides frantically with their oars—the life-boat touched—lurched—threw them into a valley of green horror.

The steamer rolled again. Four brave men, clawing, gasping, were drawn down, down into choking, clutching death.

The captain shook his head sadly, determinedly; a hand pulled a lever over to "all speed ahead." Twenty starving, perishing men on the cold reef stared with horrified eyes as the wall of white, tumbling water rose behind the ship.

The lever turned back to "slow." A young man tensed his sinewed body, leaped to the rail, stood poised for an instant, shot down toward the green churning water which reached up for him. As trained, tanned arms whipped the water into spume behind him, a light cord ran, loop after loop, from the wet deck. The grey bulk loomed overhead—swayed back—came close—but stayed clear of him. He was free of the ship!

He slid down the side of a black mountain. A piece of seaweed wrapped his throat. He grasped for it, struggling. A wall of water towered, fell. He choked, coughed. He drove himself over another mountain—dropped into



another valley. Another cascade of wild water thudded his aching body. He fought desperately for air. He was sick with swallowed brine; numb with cold. Part of the lost lifeboat had gashed his head and left red on his fair hair.

He was thrown—pounded—choked. How much further? The cord bit into his ankle. Something was drumming through his brain. “Palma non sine pulvere—palma non sine pulvere.” Where did it come from? He slid nearer unconsciousness—death. What did it mean? A spark lit in his fainting mind. Ah! “Success is not without labour.” He remembered now. He struggled again, each movement convulsing him with pain. He would not fall into that inviting, drifting sleep—no! He struggled.

The sky rolled, settled, closed in. The ground was soft and warm. Why did that thing still drum and throb and echo through his aching head. “Palma non sine Pulvere.” He muttered it, rolled over.

A nurse started. A doctor grunted. “Heard it before?”

She nodded. “It was our school motto.”

The doctor grinned. “Guess we’re all schoolmates.” A pause, then, “Goodness knows that motto has meant a lot to me.”

“It means a lot to anybody who uses it.”

But neither knew that to the handsome but battered patient they bent over, the difference between life and horrible death had been in those few words around a high school emblem:

“PALMA NON SINE PULVERE.”

—Ormond Marion.

If there is one student that everybody in the school knows, it must be Murray (“Muzz”) Patrick—and he deserves it too. Besides captaining the Soccer and Rugby teams, he has run away with the Sports crown for two years. And did somebody say, “Basketball!” A Dominion champ, that’s all. But he is still modest and unassuming, in fact, he blushes when asked for his homework!

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## Midsummer Night in Lapland

IT WAS late afternoon when our little steamer, after hours of strenuous effort against the current of the swift running river, made the landing place of the village. The houses of this little out-of-the-way town were painted red or yellow, or had taken on a silvery-grey color supplied by nature and age. As we walked up the village street we were surprised to find that all the cottages were decorated with birch trees, and garlands and wreaths hung over the doors. A few places had flags on white poles in the gardens. What was going on?

The first person we met was a girl in a gay dress of red and blue, with an embroidered apron. Upon my question, she looked surprised and said: "Why, don't you know? It is Midsummer Night."

Later on the farmer's daughter invited us to go with her to their meadow, where the celebration was to be held. We eagerly accepted her invitation, for even the soft warm air of early evening seemed to breathe a promise of pleasure and excitement.

Here on the meadow dozens of young people were busy making garlands and wreaths out of fine birch branches and flowers. These they twisted around the tall May pole, with its cross piece, on top of which a flag was fastened. With much boisterous joy-making, the pole, a symbolic thank offering to God, was raised, and firmly planted in its hole.

We had a delicious supper on the decorated veranda of the little red inn by the river. Then the people, in different national costumes, gathered here, and, joining hands, two and two, we walked out to the farm meadow in a long procession, headed by three fiddlers playing a march.

The three musicians took their places on barrels, while all the gay people joined hands for the first ring-dance around them. And so one dance followed another, more and more arrivals swelling the gay band.

I had expected to find only Laplanders, but nearly all were Swedish. The few Laplanders present were small friendly folk in their peculiar kilt-looking costumes.

Beneath the trees stood long tables where one could get coffee and cakes. There was also a large barrel of beer to which anyone could go, and, turning the tap, drink all he wanted out of wooden pint mugs.

The evening was mild. Mystery and romance filled the air. Midnight came all too soon. The sun hovered by the horizon, painting the treetops a reddish bronze, while towards the lower part of the meadow, by the river, a blueish white mist slowly rose up and down—it was the fairies' midsummer night dance.





This was, indeed, the night of love, laughter and dance, and as it never grew dark, it was not until about three o'clock that the poor musicians were played out—from fiddling and too much beer.

For once we had had all the dancing we wanted. Our cavaliers were smiling, yellow Laplanders and rustic pioneers from the backwoods, each flirting in his own way—all except the stately young lieutenant, who, in his blue uniform, was too dignified and respectful. I confess, I preferred the others—they were more in keeping with the occasion, and not at all modern.

Still, when later on the lieutenant strode up to us, saluted and asked if we cared to go with him to a nearby mountain top, we consented, and I, for one, have never regretted it.

That marvelous view will always remain an unforgettable memory with me—the rising sun that had never set, the woods below dotted with sparkling lakes, and the winding river, was a fitting ending to my first midsummer night festival—now just a dream.

—Anne Mari Bjornsfelt.



## APRIL MAGIC

There's magic in the woodlands  
Beneath an April moon,  
A lilt of unseen voices,  
A vagrant, elfin tune  
Which plays upon my fancy  
With fingers cobweb fine,  
Till silver threads of rapture  
Around my heart entwine.

I tread forbidden pastures,  
Aglow with dewdrop wine;  
I feel the joyful rhythm  
That calls to dreaming earth.  
In a fairy's tinkling laughter,  
A pixie's wanton mirth!

—Eiko Henmi.



## MACBETHISMS

(By "Avanti")

Lady Macbeth: "Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men may read strange matters.

Macbeth: "And was my face read?"

Doctor (hearing the ten thousand geese): "Fowl whisperings are abroad."

Macbeth: "Oh, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife."

Lady Macbeth: "But I am sure it was lobsters that I put in that salad."

Lady Macbeth: "My daughter says that exams make her ill, what do you suggest she should do when writing the Matrics?"

Doctor: "More needs she the divine than the physician."

Mr. Dilworth (reading the marks of Division V): "Bring me no more reports! I can conceive no truth in your reports."

Macbeth: "What is the most deceitful thing on this earth?"

Seyton: "The cry of women, my good lord."

Witches: "Hail! Hail! Hail!"

Murderer: "Let it come down."



Questions asked of a new student by a teacher of Shakespeare:

"What is thy name?"

"Whence comes't thou?"

"Where has't thou been?"

"What subjects, patch?"

"What is amiss?"

"Are you a man?"

"Wherefore was that cry?"

"Speak, I charge you."

"You should to me, it is most meet you should."

"We will speak further."



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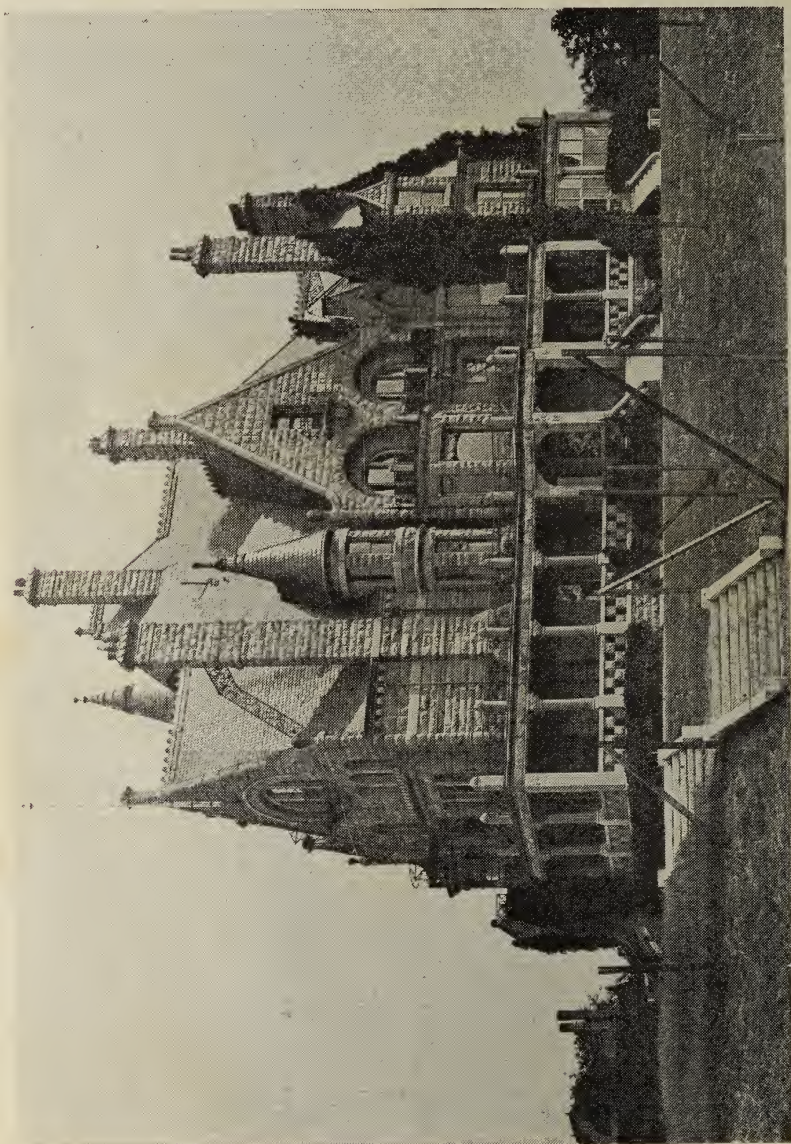
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